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A

# GLANCE AT NEW YORK :

EMBRACING

THE CITY GOVERNMENT,  
THEATRES, HOTELS, CHURCHES, MOBS, MONOPOLIES,  
LEARNED PROFESSIONS, NEWSPAPERS, ROGUES, DANDIES,  
FIRES AND FIREMEN, WATER AND OTHER LIQUIDS,  
&C. &C.

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The city swarms intense.—THOMSON.

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NEW-YORK:

A. GREENE, 1 BEEKMAN STREET.

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1837.

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## P R E F A C E .

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It is related of a good woman, away Down East, that having made her hasty-pudding of Plaster of Paris, instead of meal, she fed her children with it, and put them to bed. In the morning going to call them, she found them so changed, both in shape and size, by the alterative power of the plaster, that she did not know them again.

With the philosophy of this surprising change we have nothing to do ; and we only relate the story as we heard it, just by way of introduction to a remark we have to make, namely : that the changes, taking place in every part of the United States, being confessedly such as to outstrip the rapidity of modern printing, no reader, it is supposed, can be so unreasonable as to expect that those facts, which have been written respecting

the condition of any part of this country to-day shall come out of the press equally facts respecting its condition to-morrow. It should not surprise him, therefore, to find some little variance between Truth and Type in the following pages. But as we have collected the facts with a good deal of care, and given charge to our printer to see them through the press with all convenient speed: so it is hoped that the variance will not occur in many things, nor turn out to be of very serious importance in any.

*New York, March 15, 1837.*

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A

# GLANCE AT NEW YORK.

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## CHAPTER I.

### GENERAL FEATURES.

Various:

That the mind of desultory man,  
Studious of change, and pleased with novelty,  
May be indulged.—COWPER.

THE Island of Manhattan, on which the city of New York is built, is about 15 miles in length, and about one and a quarter in mean breadth. It is bounded on the east by the East River, on the south by New York Bay, on the west by Hudson River, and on the north by Spuyten-Duyvel Creek and Harlem River.

The face of the island was originally diversified into hill and valley, ledge and swamp ;

and the more ancient parts of the city still present very nearly the same uneven surface as in the olden time. But the levelling genius of our city government has reduced to an almost entire flat the more new and recently built parts of the town. They have said emphatically,

“Stoop down ye hills! ye valleys rise!”

Not more than a sixth part of the island is compactly covered with houses, stores, and paved streets. The rest is occupied with farms and gardens; though the limits of the city comprise the whole island; and the farmers and gardeners of the upper five-sixths are included in one of the wards of the city, are subject to the government of the mayor and corporation, and enjoy the same municipal privileges as their more crowded neighbors, who walk on paved streets, and are surrounded with all the bustle of city life.

The streets of the ancient parts of New York are narrow, crooked, and irregular—running into and crossing each other at all



sorts of angles except a right angle. As a specimen of the narrow, the irregular and the crooked, Pearl Street may be taken—Pearl street, that great mart of business and principal scene of wholesale operations. The new parts of the city are more regularly laid out. The streets and avenues are broad and straight; and the squares have generally right angles.

Broadway is a noble street, 80 feet wide and straight as an arrow, extending from the Battery northward nearly two miles, and uniting with the fifth avenue. Colonel Hamilton in his "Men and Manners," informs us that the sides of this street "are skirted by a row of stunted and miserable looking poplars, useless either for shade or ornament, which breaks the unity of the street without compensation of any sort." Other travellers will probably not be so keen-sighted as the gallant Colonel: for if they travel the whole length of Broadway, they will scarcely find a dozen poplars in the entire distance. In fact there are very few trees of any kind; and most of

those are of that species variously denominated the plane, sycamore, or button-wood tree.

But broad as Broadway is, and exceedingly broad as it was doubtless thought by our fathers and grandfathers, it is now quite too narrow for the immense travel, business, and locomotion of various kinds, of which it is the constant scene. This is particularly the case with that part below Canal-street; and more particularly so south of the Park. Here the attempt at crossing is almost as much as your life is worth. To perform the feat with any degree of safety, you must button your coat tight about you, see that your shoes are secure at the heels, settle your hat firmly on your head, look up street and down street, at the self-same moment, to see what carts and carriages are upon you, and then run for your life. We daily see persons waiting at the crossing places, for some minutes, before they can find an opening, and a chance to get over, between the omnibuses, coaches, and other vehicles, that are constantly dashing up and down the street; and, after waiting thus long,

deem themselves exceedingly fortunate if they get over with sound bones and a whole skin.

Another great thoroughfare is the Bowery. But this street is wider than Broadway ; and as fewer people pass therein, either in the way of business or pleasure, it is not so much crowded, and there is not the same difficulty and danger in crossing it.

Most of the houses in New York are built of brick ; and are in height from two to six stories. A few of the old wooden buildings remain ; and a few of the more new and elegant structures are of stone. At least they appear to be stone ; though few of them, we believe, have the entire fabric, or the solid walls of that durable material. For instance, the Astor House, which seems to the eye a structure of pure granite, is merely covered with slabs of that material, while the principal thickness of the entire outer wall, and all the partition walls, are of brick. Another instance of the same "outward adorning" may be seen in Holt's large house, near the Fulton Ferry. The outside is of very good

marble, to the depth of three or four inches, while the inside, like that of its great rival, is entirely of brick. But the granite slabs of the Astor House, we believe, are about twice the thickness of the marble ones of Holt's. Both, so far as we know, are sound, solid, and safe structures.

Each of these buildings appears in itself, of a uniform and excellent material, and betrays not, by any outward appearance, the diversity of its composition. The same cannot be said of all those buildings in which granite or marble forms a part of the material. They present a front of very beautiful stone, while the gable end is exposed in all the nakedness of bare bricks. Such are several of the houses in Broadway ; and such is that pretty row of new buildings composing Lafayette Place. You admire the marble front and Corinthian columns ; and dream not, until you cast your eyes to the ends or the rear, that the entire block is not of solid marble.

Though these outward coverings and fronts of stone are not just the thing which a people

of pure taste and honest purpose should aim at ; still they are to be welcomed, on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread ;" or that a dickey and collar are better than no signs of a shirt. They are at least an improvement in appearance, and perhaps give indication that greater wealth and growing taste will by and by introduce walls of solid stone, in room of the combination of brick and slabs.

Granite pillars in front of the stores are of recent introduction. Five or six years ago there were scarcely a dozen of such fronts in all New York. Now every new store is built with granite columns, as high as the first story ; and some of them higher. But the new stores are not the only recipients of these improvements. The brick walls are knocked away from the fronts of many of the old ones, and granite pillars inserted.

But if these pillars improve the appearance of the buildings, they do not tend in the least to increase their strength. On the contrary, they add much to the danger of their falling ;

especially if the structure be on the corner of a block, and have pillars on more than one side. All the modern structures of New-York are built sufficiently slight ; and, like the child's cob-house, are but too ready, elevated as they are, to totter and fall. Imagine then the cobs of the child's ambitious but feeble structure, to be set endwise as high as the first story, and you have an idea how much more likely it is to fall to the ground, than in the primitive method of placing them in a horizontal position.

Of the effects of slight building in this city, we had a melancholy instance in the year '32, in the fall of the large store of Phelps & Peck, at the corner of Fulton and Cliff streets ; when four or five persons were crushed to death beneath its ruins ; and among them that accomplished accountant and worthy man, Thomas H. Goddard.

About the same time—or a little after—an accident of a different description, and indeed of rather a ludicrous nature, is reported to have happened in Bleeker street, in conse-



quence of the slight texture of the wall which separated two adjoining houses. One, as the story ran, was occupied by an ancient maiden lady, and the other by a bachelor on the wrong side of forty—neither of whom was particularly fond of the society of the other sex. The bachelor was taking his ease one evening in his slippers, and, yankee-like, leaning back in his chair against the wall. About the same time, it happened that the ancient maiden had just doffed her slippers and was in the act of putting on her nightcap. The bachelor—certainly without any malice prepense, because he was not aware of the weakness of the wall, nor had he any idea who was his neighbor—happened just at that time, to lean back a little harder than usual, when—in the twinkling of an eye, and without any previous warning—he found himself in his fair neighbor's apartment, with his back on the floor and his heels in the air, in consequence of the wall giving way.

If he was surprised, so was the lady. She screamed and fell, very properly, into fits.

But before taking this last decisive step, she demanded of the bachelor, in very peremptory terms, what he wanted in her room. As he desired nothing in the world so much as to get out again, this question was soon answered, and in a very practical manner, by his immediate retreat to his own side of the wall. The breach between him and the old maid was closed up as soon as a bricklayer could be obtained; and from that time until the end of the year, when both parties removed to more secure lodgings, the bachelor never ventured to indulge again in the luxury of leaning against the wall.\*

\* That we might not be wanting in instances of the slightness of modern structures in New York, three buildings have fallen since the above was in type. Two were brick stores in Fulton street, with granite pillars as high as the first story. The other was a very large marble building (so called,) in Wall street, belonging to Messrs. Josephs. Like other buildings professing to be of stone, it was merely covered with slabs of that material, which being set up edgewise—and not fastened to the bricks, added little or nothing to its strength. Fortunately none of these buildings were quite finished. Had they been so, in all probability their tenants, in greater or less numbers, would have been buried beneath the ruins.



## CHAPTER II.

### POPULATION.

“I was ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population.”

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

JUDGING from the present well peopled state of this city, one would not think that the fathers thereof had differed very materially in sentiment from the worthy Dr. Primrose. But who are the fathers thereof? We do not ask who are the members of the Common Council—God bless them! Though they are called “the fathers of the city,” we have not the least idea that they are so, except in so far as they are obliged, by virtue of their office, to father its numerous sins, both of omission and commission.

No; the “fathers according to the flesh” of our numerous population are to be looked

for beyond the bounds of New York ; nay, beyond the bounds of the United States. Their parentage is in every nation under heaven : in Ireland, in Scotland, in England, in France, in Spain, in Germany, in Russia, in East India, in China, in South America, and in the Islands of Polynesia. Of foreign birth Ireland has given us the largest number—probably more than all other countries put together. Her sons—judging from the thousands of paddies who are annually landed upon our shores—have very evidently not “continued single and only talked of population.”

The inhabitants of New York, as we have just hinted, derive their origin from every part of the world. They exhibit a sort of human patch-work, in which the materials are brought together from all quarters ; and, as might be expected, the whole piece is most strangely and curiously diversified. Here is the shrewd Yankee ; the cool and twice-thinking Scotchman ; the warm and never-thinking Irishman ; the mercurial and light-hearted Frenchman ; the grave Spaniard ; the roman

tic German; the thoughtless African; in short, the natives, and the descendants of the natives, of every nation, and kindred, and tongue on the face of the earth.

As yet the groundwork of this variously patched piece may be seen—though in fainter and fainter colors—in the descendants of the ancient Dutch population. In a few years more this will fade away entirely. The influx of emigrants from New England and Europe will overspread and characterize the whole. In the active business of the place the Yankees are taking, and will take, the lead. Where headwork is to be done the Yankees will do it. The manual operatives will be, as they are becoming more and more, the natives of the Emerald Isle. While the name of the Knickerbockers will go out and vanish into thin air, like a whiff of smoke from the pipe of Wouter Van Twiller, their first governor, and the most ancient chief magistrate of this great city.

Their *name* will go out, did we say? No! thanks to Diedrich Knickerbocker! the learned and indefatigable historian of New York, the name, the fame, the credit, and the deeds of

renown, of the ancient Dutch settlers will never die. Admirable Diedrich ! Philosophical Diedrich ! Most learned Diedrich ! Thy “History of New York from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch Dynasty,” contains good and excellent matter enough to immortalize the inhabitants of any hundred cities that ever existed.

But I am on the point of digressing. My design was—when I began this chapter—to speak of the population of New York, and of its increase from period to period, unto the present date.

The growth of New York was at first very slow—much slower than any person, who now looks on the cities of the west, and beholds a populous town spring up almost in a day, could possibly imagine. Whether the early Dutch settlers and their *goede vrouwen* “only talked of population,” or whether they found their chief pleasure and employment in smoking, or whether they had still other matters of more serious import to attend to : one thing is pretty certain, viz : that the popula-

tion of New York in the year 1696, somewhere about 75 years after its first settlement, had only reached the small number of 4302. In 60 years after, namely in 1756, it had only got as high as 10,381. And up to the year 1786, three years after the evacuation of the city by the British, the number of inhabitants was only 23,614.

After that period the population increased more rapidly, insomuch that in four years afterwards, namely in 1790, it had reached 33,131. In 1800, it was 60,489; in 1810—96,303; in 1820—123,706; in 1825—166,086; in 1830—202,589; in 1835—270,089. Allowing the ratio of increase for the last two years to be the same as that for the five years previous, viz. six per cent per annum, and the present population of New York is about 300,000. At the same rate of increase, by the year 1840 it will have reached 350,000; in the year 1850 it will be 560,000; in 1860 it will be 896,000; in 1870—1,433,000; in 1880—2,392,000, which will far exceed the present population of London. In short, al-

lowing the increase to be six per cent per annum, or sixty per cent for each ten years, the population of New York will, at the close of the present century, have reached the enormous amount of *six millions*.

Such a goodly increase—or perhaps we should rather say, such a frightful increase—many accidents may happen to prevent. Though there may be many Dr. Primroses, who will not think they have discharged their duty to society by merely talking of population, nevertheless there may be many circumstances, over which they can have no control, which will effectually prevent those results that would be likely to follow from the indulgence of such patriotic sentiments and designs.

There may happen the sword, the pestilence, and the famine. Such things have happened, to mar the growth of other cities ; and they may happen, in the progress of events, to stay, or effectually to check, that of this rising metropolis. From present appearances, indeed, the sword is not likely to lay waste our city.



From pestilence we are, perhaps, more in danger. But that may, or may not, happen according as it pleases God and the cleanly habits of our worthy corporation. From famine—looking at the present, and probable future, state of things—we are more in danger than from either war or pestilence. The increase in the price of provisions, within the last two years, has been frightful in the extreme—not less, on an average, we are informed, than 33 per cent.

House-rent and the price of fuel have equally increased: so that it is next to impossible for a man, on a moderate income, to support a wife and children. If he rent a house, it takes all his income to pay his landlord, and he has nothing left wherewith to purchase food, clothing, and fuel. Or, if he provide himself with these latter articles, he has nothing left wherewith to pay his rent. So that in either event he is pretty sure to suffer destitution.

To show the difference in the prices of sundry articles now, and at a period not

beyond the memory of some persons still living—say a little more than seventy years ago—we will place side by side the cost of the articles at that period and the present. For the former we are indebted to Watson's "Olden Time in New York."

PRICES IN 1773.				DITTO IN 1837.			
		s	d			s	d
Best Oysters per hundred,	1			Do.	-	20	
Beef per pound,	-	-	3 a 4	Do.	-	1 a 1	6
Fowls each,	-	-	9	Do.	-	2 a 3	
A cock Turkey,	-	-	4	Do.	-	16	
A hen Turkey,	-	-	2	Do.	-	12	
A Goose,	-	-	2	Do.	-	12	
A Duck,	-	-	1	Do.	-	4	
Butter per pound,	-	-	9	Do.	-	2	6
Oak wood per load,	-	-	2	Do.	-	20	

Such an increase in the expense of living, if it do not cause absolute famine—if it do not render it impossible for a large share of the people to provide themselves with the necessities of life—will at least afford such discouragements—will offer such a frightful obstacle—to the dwellers in New York, that they will very naturally turn their backs upon the city



and seek a residence elsewhere. This will check the growth of its population ; though, as to the strict question of famine, the good sense of one part of the people will probably not allow them to remain in a place where they are in danger of starvation ; and the christian charity of their neighbors will not quite permit them to come to that direful end.

But if the population be not absolutely checked by starvation, so neither, on the other hand, will it increase so much as afore-time by early marriages ; or, indeed, by any marriages whatever. Bachelors will postpone the happy hour, until they acquire the wherewithal for supporting a family ; which many of them will never be able to do : and of course their pride and prudence will make them continue single all their lives. But should they be so fortunate as ever to acquire the means of maintaining a family, it will, in many instances, be so late in life that they will have lost all taste for matrimony ; and, finally conclude they may as well close their lives in

single blessedness. While those who do venture upon taking them wives, will mostly marry women who are no longer young, that they may not be blessed in their old age with the delights of a family of young children.

Every year doth celibacy more and more increase in New York. Every year are the bachelors of this most expensive city less and less inclined to enter into the holy, but most inconvenient state of matrimony. Time was, and that but a few years since, when the beauties attending the annual Bachelors' Ball on St. Valentine's day, could draw off, at one haul, a score of the votaries of celibacy to make trial of the joys of wedded life : as the gazettes, thereafter and thereupon, bore ample testimony under their hymeneal heads, as well also as in acknowledgments for wedding cake, officially received on those interesting occasions. But now, alas ! we hear little of the once famous Bachelors' Ball, and less still of the glorious family results which used to flow from it. Not all the eloquence of all the Slocums

and McClures,\* with all their legislative activity, we fear, can prevent the growth of celibacy in New York.

But whatsoever, and how great soever, checks, may ultimately happen to the increase of population, they are not likely to operate with much efficiency, for many years to come. So happily is New York situated for commerce, such an extent of territory has she on the island as yet unfilled with population, so great is the enterprize of her citizens, and such is the increasing tide of immigration,

\* Daddy Slocum so called out of respect to his venerable age—a member of the Massachusetts legislature, attempted a few years since to procure, the enactment of a law to force bachelors to consult their own happiness. He failed. The like exploit was attempted, and with the like success, in the legislature of New York, by General McClure, the hero of the conflagration of Newark. It was reported of the last, that the great number of letters he received from the bachelors in every part of the state, by way of remonstrance, while the motion was pending for the enforcement of their happiness, cost him more in paying the postage, than all his legislative fees amounted to. So insensible were the single gentlemen of the great value of the favor intended them!

that she can scarcely fail to continue, for many years, her rapid growth, be the expenses of living and the inconveniences of her crowded population as great as they will.

The increase, down to the close of the present century, will probably continue with very little abatement, what it has been from the commencement of the same century to the present time : and we have very little doubt that many persons are now born, who will live to see a population in New York of not less than three millions.

## CHAPTER III.

### HOTELS.

“ Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ? ” — FALSTAFF.

*Wife.* Heigho ! I wish I was in heaven.

*Husband.* I wish to heaven you were, and I was at the tavern.

*Wife.* Ah ! you old rogue, you ! you always want the best place.” — JOSEPH MILLER.

WITHOUT pretending to adopt the sentiment, expressed with such singular unanimity by the amiable pair, in the above quotation, namely, that a hotel is to be preferred to heaven itself, we are nevertheless constrained to admit that it would be exceedingly difficult, in a great city, to do without that sort of convenience.

In patriarchal times, the way-worn and hungry traveller was cordially pressed—nay, constrained—to enter in and eat bread, and accept of lodgings—and that without any sign hung out, with “ Entertainment for Man and

Horse." The Virginia and Carolina planters hold out a like hospitality to the traveller. All is afforded "without money and without price." The planter thinks himself sufficiently paid by your good company, and would scorn the idea of bartering his hospitality for gold, silver, or bank bills. The Yankee is not precisely so squeamish on the score of taking pay; and the New England farmers have always a spare bed and a meal of victuals at your disposal, when you cannot conveniently get entertainment at a hotel. They ask you nothing, indeed; but then they do not consider it an insult to be offered money. What is offered—at least to a moderate amount—they will generally accept. But, money or no money, the New England farmer will never refuse a lodging and the best his table affords, to a stranger who cannot elsewhere be better accommodated.

But in New York, as well as in all other cities, hospitality, or any thing resembling it, is unknown. And this is the result, not of any native churlishness or want of fellow feel-



ing ; but simply of the particular circumstances, the peculiar social condition, of the inhabitants of cities. “What is every body’s business is nobody’s.” The citizens live too close together, too crowded, to allow room for hospitality. The scattered condition of people living on farms and plantations renders them hospitable. Bring the southerner to New York—make him a citizen of this great metropolis—and he would no more entertain strangers than Mr. John Smith, or any of the other thousands of our citizens who keep house, and whose names figure in the Directory.

Hotels, in a city like this, being confessedly articles of great convenience, if not of “dire necessity,” we could hardly do less than devote an entire chapter to their consideration. The number of hotels in New York is exceedingly limited when we consider the size and business of the place, and the great number of strangers to be accommodated. There are not in all, we believe—or at least all that deserve the name of hotels—much above thirty. There are, indeed, hundreds of places where

spirituous liquors are sold, and which perhaps are designated, in flaming characters over the door, as "hotels." There are other places again, of great respectability, where good eating is to be had, and which are generally denominated "refectories." But of public houses, where meat and lodging are furnished, in genteel, respectable, or decent style, there are not, as we have just said, much above thirty.

This, for a population of 300,000, and 20,000 strangers who are frequently in the city at a time, we repeat, is a very small number. If we allow them, on an average, to accommodate 200 persons apiece,—which we believe is a sufficiently liberal allowance—there are only 6000 of the 20,000 strangers provided for ; to say nothing of the citizens, who, in great numbers, both married and single, both clerks and business men, and men of no business, occupy a room and a seat at the board of some one of the hotels.

The boarding houses, of which there are many of great respectability in different parts



of the city, accommodate a pretty large number of strangers. But, after all, we do not see where all of them find the conveniences of bed and board. Meat they may find at the eating houses, and that at all hours, and whenever they are hungry. For lodgings they must do as heaven pleases. If they find accommodations, as doubtless they must somewhere, we confess our utter ignorance of the whereabouts. It is an old story—that of the man who lodged in the Park, and caught cold by the watchmen leaving the gate open. But, if we recollect aright, he was a citizen loafer, and not a stranger.

That persons from abroad are often straightened for a lodging, we see exemplified every spring and fall, when the city is most amply filled with strangers. They arrive in great numbers by the steamboats. They order their baggage to be carried, each one, to such or such a hotel; "We are full," says the landlord. "The mischief you are!" says the stranger; "but hav'nt you some snug little corner you can stow me into? You know I

always put up with you.”—“I know you do,” says the landlord, “and I am very sorry that I can’t accommodate you now. But I’m full from cellar to garret. There is not room enough to get in a shad edgeways.”

The stranger orders his baggage to be carried to another hotel. He finds the other hotel in the same predicament as the first—crowded to suffocation—or, at any rate, so crowded that he cannot get in. He orders Sambo to shoulder the baggage once more, and to follow him to another house of entertainment—which he finds, in like manner, has no entertainment for him.

Thus do we often see the poor stranger trudging from house to house, and everywhere denied admittance. How he finds himself accommodated at last, we know not. But the reader may very well conclude, from all we have said, that the number of hotels and the amount of accommodation for strangers are very unequal to the demand.

The consequence is, that the keepers of

hotels, are enabled to charge for their accommodations whatever sums they please. About two years ago—though they had previously been doing an excellent business—they, by a simultaneous movement, raised their prices thirty-three and a third per cent.

But as the gentility of the house is always estimated by the extravagance of its charges, and as the strife of gentility is somewhat prevalent in our growing country, so those hotels which lay on the largest price, are pretty certain to be thoroughly filled.

In speaking of the high price of board and lodging in the New York hotels, we would not be thought to accuse the keepers of a greater lack of conscience than most other people of their own country and time. They ask a good price because they know they can get it; and that those, who want accommodations, must either pay it, or go without them. It is "human natur," as Stapleton says.

Then, as we have before stated, the price of provisions is enormously high. Rent is

enormously high. And it would be expecting more, than any man acquainted with "human natur," especially with tavern-keepers' "natur"—ought to expect of them, that they should charge a moderate price for their accommodations.

All, or nearly all these hotels are situated in the southerly part of the city, and most of them in the three lower wards. There they are convenient to the steamboat landings, and also to the business operations of the city. Nearly half of the whole number are situated in Broadway; and these, with two or three exceptions, no further north than the Park.

The principal hotels in New York are the following, namely: In Broadway, commencing at the Battery, the Atlantic Hotel, Seymour & Anderson; Mansion house, Bunker; Globe Hotel, Blanchard; Varick House, Bean; City Hotel, Cruttenden & Mather; National Hotel, Carr; Congress Hall, Mrs. Sherman; Southern Hotel, Otter; Franklin House, Hayes; Astor House, Boyden & Son; American Hotel, Milford; Washington Hotel,

Ward; Athenæum, Windust: In Cortlandt street, commencing at the Ferry, Northern Hotel, Harrison; Orange County House, Dunning; Otsego House, Van Pelt; Western Hotel, Brown; York House, Williston: Greenwich street, Pacific Hotel, Nichols & Jessup: Broad street, Exchange Hotel, Howard: Pearl street, the Pearl Street House, Flint; Eastern Pearl Street House, Foster: Fulton street, Holt's Hotel: Beekman street, Clinton Hotel, Hodges & Son: Bowery, North American Hotel, Bartlett: Park Row, Lovejoy's Hotel; Nassau street, Tammany Hall, Lovejoy & Howard; Custom House Hotel, Horn.

The three last are kept on the "European plan," or in the English mode, of separating the two important concerns of bed and board. In taking the first, you are under no obligations to take the last. You consult your own convenience both as to time and place. You may eat at your landlord's, if you please, and you may order what you please; but this has no connection with your bill for lodging, and

you pay down on the nail for what you have eaten. This plan has been only introduced here within five or six years.

The other hotels are kept on the old plan. A long table—or what is called in France a *table d'hôte*—is furnished daily, at a certain hour, which, in most of the houses, is 3 o'clock. A few, out of Broadway, dine at 2; and some of those in Broadway—such as the Astor House, the American, and perhaps some others, set an extra table at 5, for the accommodation of foreigners, or such aspiring Americans as are anxious to prove their aristocracy by going hungry to that late hour.

The table d'hôte is more sociable than the refectory. At the latter you discuss your beefsteak, your chicken, or whatever you have ordered, alone, and with plenty of elbow room. At the former you eat in company with one or two hundred, to the music of as many knives and forks, and usually so crowded together that your elbows are pinned down to your sides like the wings of a trussed fowl. But, besides the greater sociability of eating



in a crowd, there is another advantage, particularly to an irresolute or absent minded man, in dining at the table d'hôte—it saves him the necessity of studying the particular dish he would prefer, since every thing is spread out to his eye, and the laborious effort, either of thinking or of memory, is not required in making the choice. We are acquainted with a man of science, who thinks this a most important item in favor of the table d'hôte over the refectory. In point of elbow room, in command of time, and in cheapness, if a man so chooses, the latter has decidedly the advantage.

The price of lodging per week, at the Custom House Hotel, is \$2,50. At Tammany Hall and at Lovejoy's it varies from \$2,50 to \$3,50, according as your room is situated, up one or more pair of stairs—the price being lower, the nearer you approach heaven ; and higher, the closer you cling to earth. In the eating department of these houses, the price of a meal consisting of one dish, varies from  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to  $31\frac{1}{4}$  cents.



In the hotels on the old plan the price of bed and board, per day, varies from \$1,50 to \$2,50. The latter is the price at the Astor House. The other houses in Broadway, for the most part, if not all, charge \$2,00. The Clinton Hotel does the same. In the other streets, from \$1,50 to \$1,75 is the price.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THEATRES.

“Much ado about nothing.”—SHAKSPEARE.

“A very frampold life.”—IBID.

NEXT to the hotels, the prime sources of entertainment are the theatres. Some persons make them the first, and postpone the subject of eating, drinking, and lodging, to the more alluring one of theatricals. But most people are prudent enough first to “take thought for the morrow, what they shall eat and what they shall drink,” and whereon they shall sleep, before they devote themselves to theatrical entertainments.

We would not have the reader infer from this, that they first pay—or provide the ways and means for paying—for the necessaries of life. That is, with many of them, an after-thought—a thing to be attended to at their

perfect convenience ; or, what is more convenient still, not to be attended to at all. But at the theatres there is no trust. The system of credit is unknown. Tickets cannot be had “on tick.” The ready cash, therefore, is necessary for the manager, let the landlord or the landlady come off as they will. The latter as well as the former, we are charitable enough to hope, are in a majority of instances, paid.

Most persons who come to the city, or who reside here, at some time or other attend the theatre ; unless they are restrained by religious scruples. All strictly religious persons, of course, abstain. Besides these, there are a good many others, not strictly religious, who are seldom or never seen at the theatres, because they either care little or nothing for a play ; because they think they can amuse themselves better in some other mode ; because they deem theatricals immoral ; or because they cannot conscientiously bestow money on mere matters of amusement of any kind, while they have families to maintain, children

to educate, or other concerns of decided importance, which have an unquestionable demand upon their purse.

But there are others—and the number is pretty large—who seem to think of little else in the world but theatricals. They attend the theatres every night. They talk of the theatres every day. They criticise, they spout, they hum snatches of songs, they debate on the merits of their favorite actors or actresses, they eulogize the beauty, the grace, the tenderness of Miss such a one, they proclaim aloud the vigor, the pathos, the startling force, and effective points of Mr. such a one. Theatricals are never out of their thoughts, and rarely out of their mouths. They seem to have found in Plays what the Platonists were looking for—the *summum bonum*—the greatest good. They use them as Boniface did his ale : they eat, drink, and sleep upon them. At least they dream of them when asleep, and have them constantly in their mouths when awake.

There are supposed to be, on an average, about 5000 persons nightly attending the different theatres in New York. Of these, nearly, or quite, one half are strangers. Hence the theatres are always best filled during the spring and autumn, when there are most country merchants, and other persons from abroad, in the city.

The number of theatres in all is five. Of these the most ancient is the PARK, situated in Park Row, and facing the southern part of the enclosure called the Park. It was first built in the year 1797, just forty years since, and just forty-four after the building of the first theatre in this city, which Dunlap informs us, was in Nassau street, where the old Dutch Church now stands.

The Park Theatre was burnt in 1820. The next year it was rebuilt, and reopened, with a prize address from Mr. Sprague. It is still under the management, as it has been for the last twenty years, of Price & Simpson. It is, we believe, the most capacious of all the theatres ; and ranks as number one in the ex-

cellence of its performances, and in the value, politeness, and intelligence of its audiences. The price of admittance to the boxes is \$1; pit, 50 cents; gallery, 25 cents.

Next in age to the Park, is the AMERICAN THEATRE, formerly called the Bowery. It was first built in the year 1826. It has been twice burnt to the ground: the first time in the year 1828; and the last in the year 1836. It was each time rebuilt in the short space of about two months. It is located in that spacious street called the Bowery a little above Chatham Square, and about half a mile northeast of the Park. It is under the management of Mr. Dinneford. The price of admittance to the boxes is 75 cents; pit, 37½ cents; gallery, 25 cents. The audience here is different from that at the Park—being, in general, less fashionable, less polite, not quite as well dressed, nor quite so intelligent; but, we believe quite as attentive to the performances, which are, for the most part, respectable.

Next comes the NATIONAL THEATRE, at



the corner of Church and Leonard streets. It was built for the Italian Opera, by a company of gentlemen, who wished to introduce that species of theatricals into New York. But they pretty soon found that Americans are not endued with Italian ears ; and, moreover, that the finest music, when accompanied with words which are not understood, soon ceases to please. Those who at first affected to be in raptures with the performances, in a very short time dropped off ; and the Italian Opera House was changed into a theatre for the enactment of English plays, and re-christened by the name of the National. It is next in size and respectability to the Park. The prices are the same. The manager is Mr. Hackett, the celebrated American comedian.

Next is the FRANKLIN THEATRE—the “ little Franklin,” as it is not improperly called. It is situated in Chatham Square, at no great distance from the American Theatre, and like the last, is also under the management of Mr. Dinneford. Its size may be about half



that of one of the others. The price of the boxes is 50 cents; the pit, 25; gallery we believe it has none.

The fifth and last is the RICHMOND HILL THEATRE, which, out of respect to its age, should have preceded the National and the Franklin. It takes its name from the former seat of the celebrated Colonel Aaron Burr, of which building it is partly formed, and through which is the entrance to the boxes, pit, &c. In size it is much about the same as the "little Franklin," and its prices are the same. It has been for the last year or two under the management of females : first, of Mrs. Hamblin ; and since, of Miss Nelson. Under such fair management the gallantry of New York should have afforded it a fair support. But it has been permitted to languish ; and we believe is at present closed.

## CHAPTER V.

### CHURCHES.

These walls we to thy honor raise ;

Long may they echo to thy praise—DODDRIDGE.

IN touching upon places of public resort, it was due, perhaps, to the churches to name them before the theatres : for, though public attention is divided between them, it is nearly all on the side of the churches, of which there are at least thirty to one theatre.

There are, in all, about 150 churches, or religious societies, in New York. If we suppose their congregations, on an average, to amount to 1000 each—and this we think is not rating them too high—there are assembled weekly in this city 150,000 worshippers—or one half the entire population. The balance, then, in favor of church-going, and against the theatres, is just equal to 29 in every 30

persons. So much does the taste in this great metropolis, run on the side of religion, and so much more popular are sermons than plays.

It would not, however, be quite fair to estimate the comparative popularity of plays and sermons by the number of persons on a given time attending each. Some of those, who are regular theatre-goers, are also regular church goers: and if they fill their box at the theatre every week-day evening, so in like manner do they fill their pew at church every Sunday.

But there is another reason why sermons are better attended than plays—they are less expensive. It will cost a man some hundreds of dollars per annum for a nightly ticket at the theatre; while it will scarcely cost him so many cents for admission at a church twice every Sunday. Nay, for that matter, it need not cost him any thing if he chooses to go free. The doors of all the churches are open to all who wish to enter, provided they demean themselves in a sober and orderly manner. But if a man take a pew, or otherwise con-

tribute his full share to the support of public worship, the expense is trifling indeed compared with that of a nightly attendance on the drama.

Another thing, which decides many in favor of the church, is—in the estimation of a community so religious as ours—the superior respectability of the church to that of the theatre. This has no inconsiderable influence. The opinion of friends, relations, and acquaintance, diverts many from the theatre and directs many to the church, who, in their secret hearts, would prefer a play to a sermon; and whose ears would be more delighted with the profane sounds of the orchestra than with the sacred music of the choir.

Another motive for attending church, preferably to the theatre, is its superior advantage for exhibiting the charms of person and dress. For this, the church, being mostly attended in the daytime instead of the night, is far better calculated than the theatre. Then the going to and returning from the house of worship, affords the fairest opportunities that could be

desired for exhibiting an elegant dress or a comely person. We dare hardly ascribe it to personal vanity—because the fair sex are constitutionally devout : and yet whoever will attend the church and the theatre, will find the balance of female beauty, in proportion to the numbers attending each, immensely on the side of the church. Perhaps it is not so much their beauty that leads them to the church, as the offices of devotion that contribute to their beauty.

But after making all due allowance for those who attend church from motives not strictly religious, there will still remain so large a proportion of church-goers from more pious motives, as cannot fail to convince the most sceptical, that New York is essentially a devout community ; and that however great the popularity of plays and farces, still greater—immensely greater—is that of prayers and sermons.

We have stated the number of churches in New York to be 150. It would take up more room than we can spare to give their names

and locations. For information on these points, we would refer the reader to the Sunday Morning News, where he will find in a regular list, published weekly, the names and situations of all the churches, as well likewise as the names of all their pastors. But if he is conscientiously scrupulous against taking up a newspaper on Sunday, and is desirous to find some place of worship, he can scarcely go amiss in a city so abounding with places devoted to the public services of the sanctuary.

Of all the numerous sects into which this religious community is divided, the Presbyterians are the most numerous, having no less than 39 churches. Next to these are the Episcopalians, who have 29. The Baptists have 20 ; the Methodists of all sorts, Wesleyan and Independent, 20 ; Dutch Reformed 14 ; Roman Catholic, 6 ; Universalist, 4 ; Orthodox, or Trinitarian, Quakers, 1 ; Hick-site, or Unitarian Quakers, 3 ; Congregationalists, 2 ; Unitarians, 2 ; Lutherans, 2 ; Moravians, 1 ; Swedenborgians, 1 ; Christian, 1 ; German Reformed, 1 ; Mariner's Church, 1 : total 147 Christian churches.



Add to these 3 Jewish Synagogues, and you have the whole number of 150.

These have meetings for public worship from one to three times every Sunday : except the Jews, whose Sabbath is on the seventh day of the week. Of course, as the Israelites are too small a number to do business successfully, without Christian aid, they have also a second day of rest, on the first day of the week.

Besides these religious societies, there is a congregation of Atheists who meet regularly on Sunday, at Tammany Hall.

These different sects for the most part, walk together—or rather walk apart—in great harmony. They agree perfectly well, to differ, with few exceptions. Among these exceptions, for instance, the Atheist, sneers at the Christian ; while the Christian, on the contrary, descends from his dignity to lash the Atheist.

But the most bitter animosity prevails between certain of the different sects of Christians ; or rather perhaps, it should be said,



between the leaders of these different sects. These are, in general the Roman Catholics on the one side, and the Protestants on the other. But the more particular and bitter division is between certain of the pastors of the Dutch Reformed and of the Roman Catholic Churches. Hence that great war of words recently waged between those great guns of controversy, Dr. Brownlee and Dr. Power. Calvin and the reformation on the one side, and the Pope and the scarlet woman on the other. Hence too the justification of that most atrocious arson, the burning of the Charlestown Convent; and turning naked upon the world innocent and defenceless females. And hence the encouragement of that foul imposture, the Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk; and hence the religious belief, three hundred and fifty miles from the spot where they are alleged to have been committed, of enormities which nobody credits on the spot itself!

But New York, as we have said, is essentially a religious community. The pastors are

religious and the people are religious. But some few of the shepherds cry wolf when there is no wolf; thus endeavoring to frighten, and often succeeding, in frightening their flocks without any just cause.

All travelling, as they are, heavenward, the different sects of the truly religious are for the most part inclined to walk very lovingly together; and would get on their way with few or no quarrels, if certain of their overzealous pastors did not set them, most uncharitably, to railing, abusing, and throwing dirt and stones at one another.

The Roman Catholics now—even in the 19th century, and in the 37th year of this century—are the great bugaboo to frighten the Protestant babes. The Pope of Rome is coming hither, with hasty strides, to take the land. His great toe is already on our shores; and his whole foot—nay, both feet—are expected to be here anon. He has got *six churches* out of *one hundred and fifty*, in the city of New York; and unless suddenly arrested in his course,

will infallibly lay his hand on the remaining one hundred and forty-four !

But how is he to be arrested ? By reason, —by argument—by christian charity ? No : his own weapons are to be turned against him —violence, imposture, and deceit :

“ For if the devil, to serve his turn,  
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn  
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,  
I think there’s little reason why :  
Else h’ has greater power than they,  
Which ’twere impiety to say.”

If the Papists practice jesuitism to advance their cause, why should not the Protestants make use of the same carnal weapons to oppose them ?

Such seems to be the reasoning and such the practice of a few of the most violent anti-Catholics in New-York. But we believe they have not a very large number of backers, either in opinion or practice : the majority of the Protestants having little dread of the Pope, and less inclination to adopt, against him

and his followers, those methods of imposture and deceit wherewith he and they were accustomed, in earlier times, to maintain their power over the consciences and minds of men.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LAW, PHYSIC, AND DIVINITY.

When shall we three meet again ?—MACBETH.

Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus.—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Take physic, pomp.—KING LEAR.

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.—HENRY VI.

THE members of the three learned professions in New York amount, in all, to about 1400. We have already stated the number of churches to be 150. Most of these have one pastor each. Some of them have more than one : as in the case of the Middle and North Dutch Reformed Churches, where three pastors are employed in the care of two flocks ; the South Dutch Church, where two pastors preside over one flock ; and in St. George's and Christ's Church, (Episcopal,) which are equally well provided with pastors. On the

other hand, there are some churches which have not so much as one clergyman a-piece; but content themselves by uniting in associations of two, or more, under one pastor: as in the case of St. Michael's, St. James's, St. Mary's, and St. Ann's. Some churches, perhaps, are without any regular preacher; and there are some preachers without any churches. On the whole, therefore we shall not err in estimating the number of preachers to be equal to the number of churches: that is 150 in all; giving to each an average of 2000 *souls*.

The number of persons engaged in the care of *bodies* and *estates* is much larger: a striking proof, either, that the people consider these latter possessions of much more value than the former; or, if not of more value, at least that they require much more care and expense in their preservation.

Taking the 150 clergymen from the whole number engaged in the learned professions, and there remain, to be divided amongst the doctors and lawyers, 1250: of whom 650 are

lawyers, and the remaining 600, doctors. If, therefore, we divide the population among them in equitable proportions, each lawyer will have about  $461\frac{1}{2}$  persons to his share, and each doctor 500. If body and estate, in this great metropolis, be not well taken care of, it will evidently not be for lack of numbers in the professions of law and physic.

It is related of a young M. D., that, having put his "sheepskin" in his pocket, he travelled towards the West, in search of a place to peddle pills. "This is a new country," said he, "and I shall have it all to myself. There will be no competition here." Poor fellow ! he was not aware that there is no place so new as to be free from competition in the practice of his art. He travelled on—and still further on—inquiring every where for a "vacancy." But the prospect grew worse ; until at length, he came to where two physicians were riding on one horse. At this sight he turned about and came home again : thinking it better to get a very limited practice in a city, where he could attend his patients on



foot, than be reduced in a new country, with bad roads, and a sparse population, to the necessity of riding double.

In considering the great number of lawyers and doctors, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, it will naturally be asked how they all—i. e. the lawyers and doctors—live. Some will answer, that they do not *live*, but merely *stay*. We will not make so nice distinction ; but suppose the stayers to be also liver.

If we suppose each man, woman, and child to pay, on an average, \$1 50 per annum for medical attendance, then each physician in New York—allowing “the spoils” were divided equally—would receive \$750. This would decently maintain a single man ; but leave nothing for wife and children.

The division of profits, however, is very far from being equal. We will suppose the whole number of doctors to be divided into five equal classes, which will give 120 to each class. Of the \$450,000 paid to the whole, the first class, consisting of the oldest, most eminent, and best known, may be safely calculated to

get \$240,000 ; which gives them an average of \$2,000 each. Here is more than half the practice—or rather we should say, more than half the pay—goes to one fifth of the physicians. They do not actually, we suppose, do the drudgery of more than a third part of the practice. But they attend the best, in other words, the wealthiest, families. The slight colds, the pin-scratches, the imaginary or magnified complaints of the tenderly-nursed and the luxurious fall to their share. The light labor and the heavy pay, the empty ailments and the full purse, these are the comfortable circumstances attending their practice.

The remaining \$210,000 go to the remaining 480 doctors—giving them, on an average, about \$437. But here again, there must be another unequal division. Though these are all obliged to pass for the lesser stars in the medical firmament, they are not all supposed by any means to twinkle with equal lustre. Some of these doctors will inevitably be more famous than the rest, and, in farmers' phrase will "cut a wider swath." They will get

more practice and better pay. So that one fourth of the remaining 480 doctors will get more than one half of the remaining \$210,000; say \$120,000, or \$1000 each : leaving only \$90,000 to be divided among the other 360 physicians ; which will give to each a dividend of \$250.

But the division of this remaining pittance is not yet to be equalized. We must suppose one third of the remaining doctors to be more learned, more obsequious, more fortunate, or older practitioners than the rest. This more happy portion will take \$60,000 of what money remains : giving to each an average of \$500. There then remains \$30,000 to be divided among the balance of 240 doctors : giving to each a share of \$125.

But they are not yet to go “ share and share alike.” The fourth class must inevitably be better, older, or more lucky fellows than the fifth ; and will, in all probability, get \$24,000 of the remaining \$30,000 ; or \$200 on an average : leaving just \$4,000 to be divided among the remaining 120 doctors—and giving to each an average of \$33 $\frac{1}{3}$ .

The first class, with economy, may support a wife and children. The second class may rub hard, and support a wife. The third class may rub hard, and go single. But in regard to the fourth and fifth classes, the question will naturally be repeated—how do they live? They must make some little show. They must have an office—or some decent or convenient place, where they may be found—and that among decent and respectable people. They must have a good coat to their back. An obscure garret and a shabby coat, after the manner of a poet, will not answer. A pill is all the more popular for gilding.

But there is very little chance for this gilding, on the small income of \$33 $\frac{1}{3}$ , or even the larger one of \$200. The last will pay for board at a very moderate rate; and leave nothing for clothing, office rent, books, instruments, &c. The first would scarcely furnish the most moderate smoker in the luxury of segars.

How do these unfortunate 240—and especially the most unfortunate moiety of them

live? But before we pretend to make any conjectures as to the *modus vivendi* of these sons of Æsculapius, we will look a little at the condition of the 650 "limbs of the law." And here we shall find that the votaries of Themis are no better rewarded than those of the god of medicine.

The emoluments of the lawyers, and the divisions and gradations of their emoluments, may be reckoned about the same as those of the doctors. The smaller number pocket the greater portion of the fees. They sit down at the first table: and the fattest pieces, the most capital joints, the most delicious viands are theirs. What is left—the broken meats, the leaner joints—go to their more numerous, but less fortunate, brethren; a part of whom, at the close of the repast, are forced to take up with the mere crumbs which have fallen from the previous tables.

The young lawyer, like the young doctor, must wait upon business—or wait *for* business. He must be always in a situation to receive it. He must have an office—and that in some

come-at-able place. The sign at his door must not direct you to a "passage that leads to nothing." He must make an appearance of doing something—whether he does it or not. A decent coat he must likewise have upon his back and a shirt-collar on his neck; though this perhaps is not so requisite as to the physician, inasmuch as the business of the lawyer lies almost wholly with those of his own sex, while that of the physician brings him more frequently in the presence of the women: with whom a spruce outside is no despicable letter of recommendation. Meat and lodging the lawyer must have. Without those prime articles—especially the former—he cannot expect strength of lungs to plead the causes which he has—in expectancy.

If our estimates of the emoluments of law and physic be correct (and we are assured, by members of those professions, that they are quite high enough,) then it appears that there are 250 lawyers and physicians whose receipts are each but \$200 per annum; and



the same number, who receive no more than a sixth part of that sum !

How do all these live ? “ Upon hope,” says one ; “ upon faith,” says another, “ upon expectation,” says a third. All these are mighty clever things, truly ; and will answer, like pepper and salt to season one’s meat and promote one’s digestion. But they will not do in the place of meat itself. Though the young physician or lawyer cannot well do without them, he cannot well live upon them alone. Faith may remove mountains ; and yet no doctor or lawyer would dare rely upon it for a loaf of bread. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick ; and expectation, however strenuously indulged, will never purchase a dinner.

Others perhaps will answer the question, how do they live ? by saying, they have wealthy parents ; or they enjoy a patrimony ; or, in short, that they are blest with the means of living, independent of their profession. If they were so blest, they had never studied law or physic. The very fact, of their having betaken themselves to either of these professions, is, in most cases, sufficient proof that they



have not the command of other means of livelihood. In general, they have no family wealth. They are the sons of fathers who have nothing to give them ; who, in many instances, could not give them even their profession ; and in others, having labored hard to give them that, have sent them into the world with that as their sole patrimony.

But you have not yet told us how they live. Dear, kind, curious reader, we cannot tell thee what we do not know. We presume they have intelligent friends—ask *them*.

The condition of the clergy—take them as a whole—presents a brighter picture. In a mere worldly point of view, they choose better than the votaries of law or physic. They have more of “the promise of the life that now is,” to say nothing “of that which is to come.” True, clergymen are rarely so well paid, as to get rich on their profession. None of them, however able or popular, receive as much money per annum as some of the most eminent lawyers or doctors. The highest

clerical salary in New York is \$5000,\* while some of the ablest, or most fortunate, lawyers and physicians make \$10,000.

But if none of the clergy get as much money as some of the physicians or lawyers, so, on the other hand, do none of them get so little as some of the latter. The emoluments are more equally divided. There is a more equitable distribution of the good things of this life. While, not above one or two of the pastors in New York, receive more than \$3000 salary per annum : so, probably, there are few who get much below \$1000. But, in addition to the salary, they have a house rent free, which is worth from three hundred to a thousand more. They also get comfortable sums for lighting the torch of Hymen. The marriage fee—allowing them, on an average, to unite one hundred couples in a year, at the

\* This is the salary of the rector of the associate churches of St. Paul's, St. John's, and Trinity. Since writing the above, we are informed that a fund has been raised for the support of the Bishop of New York, called the Episcopal Fund, and the income of which—amounting to upwards of \$6000—goes entirely to the Bishop.

moderate rate of five dollars each--will amount to \$500 in the whole.

Then, in addition to the salary, the house-rent, and the perquisite of marrying, there are presents of many a good thing from the church-members and parishioners: broadcloth for the parson, bed and table linen for the parson's wife, and shoes and stockings for the parson's children. In short, not to mention every thing, the number of articles which the minister and his family are found to want, and which their friends are found to supply, are very numerous and of very great convenience.

From this it is evident that the condition of the clergy, as a body, is infinitely more comfortable than that of the members of the two other learned professions. This is particularly the case with the younger branches of the clerical profession, as compared with the same branch in law and physic. They are not obliged to grow grey in attaining to a competency, and perhaps miss it at last. They seem to have no up-hill work in their profes-

sion. They are provided for, in some way or other, from the beginning. If they have talent, if they have a good voice, a good figure, and good address in the pulpit—it is immediately known, because opportunity is readily accorded them for their display ; while the lawyer and the physician, may wait, perhaps for years, without an opportunity to show their talents, if they have any. But the minister, whether he have much capacity or little, whether he have five talents or one, is conscientiously provided for among his religious brethren. They have too much christian charity to see him suffer from poverty and want.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ROGUES.

There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,  
But he's an arrant knave.—HAMLET.

My dear Dick Riker ! you and I  
Have floated down life's stream together,  
And kept unharmed our friendship's tie  
Through every change of fortune's sky—  
Her pleasant and her rainy weather.—HALLECK.

NEW YORK, amidst her great variety of all sorts of things, good, bad, and indifferent, is not without her share of rogues. Indeed it would be a miracle if she were. It would be worth telling of amongst her sister cities. But it is a piece of news, we fear, she will not have to tell until the days of the millenium. While mankind are morally constituted as at present ; while considerable depravity is mixed up with no small share of good : there must be

in every place a greater or less "sprinkling" of bad fellows; and, in a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, it is not at all surprising if they should fall upon us in a very considerable shower.

A great city may be considered as the mother—the "nursing mother" of rogues. A great city affords them aliment; and they do so much credit to their keeping as to "grow by what they feed on." They not only find aliment in a great city, but they also find security. They hide themselves in the crowd. They find holes and lurking places, where they lie perdue, until the cry of thief is over; when they come boldly forth and prowl as before.

Not only do they find security, after they have gotten the spoils, but they find it an easy matter to get them, with a little ingenuity. They sometimes even find the owners ready to help them to what they want: as happened, two or three years since, to a black thief, who was seen, by a boarder, busily at work stealing coats in the hall of one o



our principal hotels. "What are you doing with those coats, you black rascal?" said the boarder. "I'm jist 'gwine to take 'em home to scour 'em," answered the thief, with great presence of mind and without changing color in the least. "Oh, you are, ha?" said the boarder; "well, here take mine and scour it too." With that he handed him his own coat, and the black marched securely off.

But if New York be pretty well supplied with rogues, so also is it pretty well supplied with rogue-takers. Who has not heard of High Constable Hays—better known by the name of "Old Hays?" What thief, what robber, what counterfeiter hath not trembled at his name? What villain hath not stood in greater awe of him than of the devil, or his own conscience? Not old Izaak Walton, of piscatory memory, did ever hook so many of the finny tribe as Old Hays hath seized of land-sharks. He knows a thief as far as he can see him. That keen, dark eye of his looks him through. Not Solomon, in all his glory, could tell a thief with half the precision as

his brother Israelite, the High Constable of New-York.

We would write the life of Old Hays, had it not been already done (and in a manner so much better than we could pretend to) in the columns of the Mirror, and by that excellent genius, William Cox.

Besides the High Constable—who has now grown grey in nabbing thieves—there is a powerful corps of younger gentlemen engaged in the same laudable practice: such as Homans, Sparks, Merritt, Huntington, A. M. C. Smith, and a number of others; all of whose names daily figure in the police reports as the captors of such and such lots of rogues, as have had the imprudence, or the ill fortune, to fall into their hands.

Rogues, with all their cunning, are apt to make sad mistakes. They are, for the most part, bad generals. Though they lay their plans of attack well, they are exceedingly apt to fail in making a skilful retreat. They will succeed wonderfully in seizing the spoils; but then they are seized upon themselves. With

all the hiding places in this great city, they can not hide always. The police officers are ever upon the look-out for them, like terriers watching for rats. They are acquainted with their haunts. And even should they find them new retreats and escape for a while ; the very impunity makes them bold. They venture forth more daringly, and are nabbed at last.

If one thing, more than another, secures a constant succession and supply of rogues in this city, it is the remarkable tenderness with which they are so often treated, when caught. In fact, why should they attempt to escape the constables, when they stand so good a chance of impunity from the judge ? We say chance, because MR. RECORDER RIKER, who has so long presided in the rogues' tribunal, the Court of Sessions, is by no means uniform in his acts of lenity. If John Doe escape to-day, it does not therefore follow that Richard Roe shall escape to-morrow ; even though the latter has been guilty of no greater crime than the former. The Recorder has his hours of severity as well as of leniency. As striking

instances of the very changeable temper of Justice, in his Honor's court, may be mentioned the case of Dunn, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the state prison, for forging to the amount of *five dollars*; and that of Finchley, who having forged, and obtained the money, to the amount of *more than nine thousand dollars*, was sentenced to no punishment whatever. The injustice of the first sentence was so glaring, that a pardon was obtained and Dunn set at liberty after having served out a very small portion of his time.

On what principle Recorder Riker makes up his sentences, we confess ourselves "mainly ignorant." We have never heard of his tossing a copper, shaking a die, or turning a card, to determine whether a sentence should be severe, or lenient, or no sentence at all. The light sentences might be accounted for, by being pronounced after dinner, when, having enjoyed a good table—such as his honor's is known to be—the mind is apt to be filled with charity for all mankind—even as the body is

filled with good viands. But unluckily for this hypothesis, the sentences of all sorts, whether light or otherwise, are invariably pronounced before dinner. Saturday is "sentence day;" and on Saturday morning the Rhadamanthus of the Court of Sessions pronounces the doom of all those who have been convicted on the previous days of the week.

Many a rogue escapes by suspension of sentence. This suspension, however, is not acquittal, nor is it pardon. The very act of suspension leaves the punishment still hanging *in terrorem* over the head of the culprit—ready to fall whenever he shall so far outrage the majesty of the laws as to repeat his offence—and provided always, he is again caught and brought before the Recorder's court. That he will sin a second time, having escaped punishment for the first offence, is altogether probable; but it is not quite so probable that he will place himself in a situation to be arraigned before the same tribunal. He will take his roguish inclinations, to a different market. If he can be sure of impunity once,

he will hardly be so unreasonable as to expect it a second time at the hands of the same judge.

But this impunity, even for a first offence, allows a wide scope for villany. By being often repeated, rogues look for it as a matter of course ; or if not a matter of course, as at least one of great probability. They consider the chance of escape quite sufficient to invite the hazard of the crime. And some, who have hitherto led honest lives, seeing others escape so easily in the outset of guilt, are induced themselves to embark in the same voyage of iniquity. Nothing is more important to the suppression of crime than the certainty of punishment ; and in this respect, as well as in the leniency of many a sentence, the Court of Sessions, under the present worthy incumbent, is lamentably at fault.

Another thing, which aids very materially in supplying the rogue-market of this city, is the lenity of his Excellency the Governor, who pardons and sends back from the state prisons so great a number of villains. What



is the occasion of this gubernatorial leniency, has been matter of very serious conjecture. Some have ascribed it to the prudent motive of securing the support of the rogues at election. But this is merely the conjecture of political opponents, in which we put very little faith.

From what we have said of the merciful treatment of rogues both by the sentencing and the pardoning power, it might be concluded that our city would be actually overrun with, and entirely given up to, roguery. And yet such is not the case, as will be seen by the following statement of all the convictions in our criminal courts, during the year 1836. These were : in the court of Oyer and Terminer, 26 ; in the General Sessions, 301 ; in the Special Sessions, 530 : total 857. Of these, much the greater number were for small, or petty larceny offences ; and for assaults and batteries. Of the latter there were 264. These latter though illegal acts, cannot properly be called rogueries : because falling out with, and beating, a man, does by no means

imply dishonesty; which is the essence of roguery. Deducting then, the assaults and batteries, and there remains only 593 convictions for theft, robbery, forgery, and the like; which is about one to every 510 of the population of this city.

This—considering the causes abovementioned, which so operate to the increase of crime—must be allowed to speak volumes in proof of the moral and virtuous disposition of the people of New York.

Having had occasion to mention his honor, the Recorder of this city, as so closely connected with the subject of this chapter: it only remains that we say a word respecting the person and disposition of that worthy functionary. Richard Riker is believed to be bordering on 70 years of age. In stature he is about five feet five; and he exhibits a remarkable fine specimen of a

“Little, round, fat, oily man.”

His head is smooth and polished; his face plump and jolly; and his expression that of

good nature itself; which we understand is his leading characteristic.\* To conclude: we are assured by those who know—that he eats well, drinks well, is a good Presbyterian, and worth half a million of dollars.

The Recorder—to the sincere regret of those who have business in the Court of Sessions†—has announced his intention of retiring from the office which he has so long held, after the expiration of his present term of service. Both the lawyers and the rogues will have occasion to mourn that event: the former, because they can scarcely expect, in his successor whoever he may be—so good-na-

\* The Recorder, we are informed, is a very generous landlord, and does not, like most others, take advantage of the rise of property to oppress his tenants, or to turn them out of doors. On the contrary, they are allowed to remain, on the same rents which they paid when real estate had not reached half its present value.

† There is a set of lawyers in this city, whose practice is nearly all in the criminal courts, and whose principal aim is to defeat the ends of justice: in other words, to save villains from the state's prison and the gallows; and their exertions to bring off their clients are always in the precise proportion to their utter worthlessness and depravity,

“A fellow failing makes us wond'rous kind!”

tured a man;\* and the latter because they can have no hopes of so lenient a judge.

\* If the gentlemen of the bar—as sometimes happens in the court of Sessions—tweak each others' noses, Recorder Riker is so courteous as not to interfere between the combatants, but looks on with a pleasant smile—as much as to say, “Gentlemen, your noses are your own, and you may handle them as you please.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DANDIES.

He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away again.

HENRY HOTSPUR,

WE hope none of the gentlemen belonging to the genus dandy, will take offence at our placing them in the next chapter to the genus rogue. We assure them it was purely accidental; and furthermore, that we are not aware of any such necessary and essential likeness between them as should cause them to be treated of in so near a connection. It is true, the rogue sometimes assumes the garb and manners of a dandy, the better to conceal his cunning designs, and the more securely to accomplish his deep-laid plans. But we are not aware that the dandy, on his part, is solici-

tous ever to appear in the garb and character of a rogue.

In fact there is a very essential difference between them. Their minds are of different calibre. The rogue, though very far from being a wise man, is not by many degrees, so destitute of *nous*—to use a Greek word—or of gumption to speak in the vernacular—as the dandy. He has a head capable of better things, if he would but use it properly; while the capacity of the dandy is not supposed, in its utmost limit, to be capable of any thing more weighty or of more importance, than mere outside show. He is a poor unfortunate, if a creature, wanting sense, may be so characterized, merely from that circumstance. But this is doubtful; for the more empty a man's head, the less likely it is to droop and to be weighed down with the miseries of this life.

Like other great cities, New York has her share of this class of the biped without feathers. The whole number, after a careful estimate, is believed to be about 3000; or one to every hundred of the population. They



abound more or less in every part of the city, from Corlaer's Hook to the Battery, and from Blooming Dale to White Hall. But they are mostly to be seen in public places—at the corners of streets, on the door-steps of hotels, and in the various public walks.

Dandies may be divided into three classes, namely: *chained* dandies, *switched* dandies, and *quizzing-glass* dandies. These are so distinguished, as the reader will readily conceive, from those harmless pieces of ornament which they severally wear about their persons or carry in their hands.

The chained dandy is so called from a golden—or a gilded—or a brazen—chain, of light workmanship, which he wears about his neck, and which is attached to a watch if he is able to wear one; and to nothing at all, if his pecuniary condition happens to be better suited to that convenience.

The switched, or caned, dandy is so denominated from a slender cane, or switch, about the size of a pipe-stem, made of whalebone, or of steel, as the case may be, of

a shining black, neatly polished, with an ivory head, a brass foot, a golden eye, and a tassel of silk ; which cane or switch, he constantly carries and switches about him,

“ As a gentleman switches his cane.”

The quizzing-glass dandy is so styled from a small glass, either of a circular or elliptic shape, set in gold or in brass, which he carries suspended to his neck by a chain or riband ; and which he whips from his bosom, and applies to his eye, as often as he is introduced to a stranger of either sex, and as often as he sees a female who has any pretension either to youth or beauty.

In respect to numbers, the three classes are nearly equally divided. In many cases, they are united in the same person. The tasselled switch, the gilded chain, the everlasting quizzing-glass, combine to ornament the self-same character. He is a dandy of the first water. He is the triple, or compound, dandy ; and his head is found, on dissection, to possess three times the vacancy of the single, simple, or uncompounded dandy.

Having such “a plentiful lack of wit,” it will be asked how do these gentry obtain a livelihood? For the most part, we answer, they live by eating. But this is not invariably the case; as we have more than once had occasion to witness: having seen them stand, day after day, near the cooking apartments of the refectories, where they take in with expanded nostrils the rich steam that escapes from boiled, roasted, and stewed, and passing through the doors, windows, or crevices, causes them to be mightily refreshed; and all without the expense of purchasing a dinner, or the labor of using their jaws.

But the dandies are not all reduced to live on such very light fare. Some of them have fathers, some have mothers, and some have uncles and aunts, who take pity on their wants and supply their emptiness—of belly. Others go upon tick. And others again—strange as it may seem—are engaged in different employments, and receive wages. Many of them are to be seen at the merchant’s desk or behind the counter. Having the use of hands

and the faculty of speech, they can handle the yardstick, use the pen, or pronounce on the price and quality of goods. Their speech, however, is exceedingly parrot-like, and mostly consists in the use of a single word, which is applied promiscuously to all sorts of articles. They are all "shuperb !"

Dandies are supposed, by many, to be on the increase in New York. But of that we are not certain. The truth is, the race is not particularly admired, and especially by the ladies. The consequence is, that they have little chance of getting married and thus propagating the species. It is believed, therefore, that in time they will run out. That the race will become extinct ; and, like the mammoth, leave nothing behind them but their bones :  
*de mortuis nil nisi bone-um.*

## CHAPTER IX.

### DOG POLICE.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied :  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH.

THERE is an occasional police in New York, for the restraining of dogs. But, alas ! for the canine race ! it is not founded in equal principles of justice as that applied to man. It has no reference whatever to the character of the dog. It is not even asked, “what evil hath he done ?” It is sufficient to say, he is a dog—therefore let him die. His life may have been as pure as that of Socrates. He may never have done, designed, or even imagined evil, against any human being ; and yet he cannot escape the death of a felon, if

he presume, while the law is in force, so much as to put his foot into any street of this great metropolis.

This dog-police, we have said, is occasional. It requires some spur in the head of the city authorities to prick them on to the enactment even of a temporary law, more bloody than that of Draco himself\*. There must be some great out-cry against the animals. "Mad dog !" must be frequent in the mouths of the inhabitants, and especially in the columns of the newspapers. Somebody must contrive to be bitten, or attacked, or frightened—or put in jeopardy of a fright—by some sort of a dog, which must be supposed to be mad—or violently suspected of being inclined to madness.

No matter how the cry originates ; nor whether it have any foundation in truth or not. Sufficient is it, that it is full, frequent,

\* The difference between our anti-canine legislators and Draco, is this, that, whereas the latter ordained the punishment of death for the smallest crime, the former inflict it without any crime.



and loud. And if it happen in the dog-days—as it generally does—it is so much the more effective. The common council immediately pass a law, setting a price on the head of every dog that shall presume to be seen in the street. Without this premium, dogs might continue to run at large forever without being molested, notwithstanding they are out-laws as often as they are out of their masters' houses : for, such is the general good feeling of the human race towards them, that nobody would think of putting the law in force, except he were well paid for it. So cruel—so “foul and unnatural”—is the crime of dog-murder, that money alone can induce to its commission.

The last great “slaughter of the innocents,” in New-York, took place in the summer of 1836 ; when fifty cents was considered sufficient inducement to take a dog's life. Two years previously—to wit, in the summer of '34—a dollar, if we mistake not, was paid for the same bloody service. Why the corporation made so great a deduction last year

—especially as the price of every other kind of labor, and of all commodities, had increased—we are not informed. Perhaps they had a mind, by fixing the price so low, to save the dogs as much as possible from their unmerited fate.

But if such was their humane design, they must have been grievously disappointed: for, small as the inducement was, there perished during the whole massacre—which continued for several weeks—no less than 8537 dogs! How many fell in the year '34, when the premium was twice as high, we do not recollect. But we believe the number was greatly inferior.

We are not certain that the lower price was not the greater inducement to exertion: because more labor was necessary to be done to make a “living business” of it. The slaughter was mostly achieved by *loafers*; and, as every body knows, a loafer will not exert himself unless driven to it by dire necessity. His maxim is, that “sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,” and therefore he takes “no

thought for the morrow." Hence, if he could procure the means of livelihood for a day, by the slaughter of one dog, he had no inducement to bloody his hands with two.

Such was the case in the year '34. In that year the loafer, black or white, (for *canicides* are of no particular color) having killed his dog of a morning, and got his dollar, resigned himself entirely to his ease, and throve for the remainder of the day on the fruit of his morning's work. But in the year '36, having got only half a dollar for his morning's work, he was driven to the necessity of sallying out again in the afternoon, to make good the deficiency of his earnings in the previous part of the day.

Another reason for the greater slaughter of last year was, probably, the increase of loafers. They might have been induced to this city by the report of the very liberal manner in which New-York rewarded the murder of the most innocent of her inhabitants. And as it is an easy thing to find a dog, where those animals abound; so money could

scarcely be wanting to a loafer to buy him a dinner, through the means of their execution.

There was a rumor, last year, that a part—and a pretty large part—of the animals, on whose head the bounty was paid, were not found in New York ; but brought hither by shallop-loads, from Flushing, Oyster-Bay, Crane Neck, Mount Misery, Saugatuck, Sachem's Head, and all along the shores of Long Island Sound ; and thence eastwardly as far as Conaguetogue Point, Narragansett Bay, Squibnock Head, and so on as far as the uttermost bounds of Yankee land. And some said that a large importation was made even from the Isle of Dogs.

Whether it was a discovery, or a suspicion, of this system of smuggling : or whether the blood of the murdered innocents began to cry to them from the ground : or whether the city exchequer began to run low : certain it is, that the half-dollar system was suddenly stopped ; the bounty was suppressed ; the inducement to slaughter was recalled : and the remainder of the dogs had their lease of

life renewed for another year—or until such time as the senseless outcry against their race shall stir up the corporation to expend the people's money in killing the people's favorites.

From what we have here said, strangers may learn at what hazard—especially in dog-days—they bring with them to New York their four-footed domestics. Though they are sure not to desert them—like some of the more faithless of the two-footed—still they are in imminent danger of losing them by some statute of outlawry, already passed, or on the very eve of passing against them.

In addition to this hazard of life, dogs are subjected, in New York, to an annual tax of three dollars. It is, indeed, more than most of them are worth—always excepting the terriers. Were it not for this species of dogs, the city would be devoured with rats. Nothing will stop this kind of vermin, until you stop their breath. They penetrate every where. The stoutest oak plank is no obstruction. And for deal boards, lath and plas-

ter, and such like defences, they laugh at them.

These rats (known in Boston by the name of "wharf rats," and by naturalists called the *mus decumanus*,) are, especially many of the older ones, too strong to be easily killed by a cat ; besides the cat will not hunt them with half the perseverance of the terrier, which seems to take greater delight in their slaughter than even in its daily food.

In fact the only true professional rat-catcher in this country—who both understands and loves his profession—is this variety of the dog. Two terriers, kept at a certain hotel in this city, are known to kill not less than *half a ton* of rats in a single year.\*

\* If any reader should fancy its to be a large story, we beg him to consider, for a moment, the extraordinary size, weight, and abundance of the New-York rats. Allowing the above named dogs to despatch, each only three rats per day, Sundays included : and there are upwards of 2000 rats killed during the year. Now, no person, acquainted with the size of these rats, will pretend to estimate their weight at less than half a pound each : which proves that our assignment of half a ton, as the joint labor of the two dogs, is not a single ounce too high.



When such are the virtues and such the services of the terrier, who can think, without indignation, of a price being set upon his head. But we hope—and are rather inclined to think—that fewer of this valuable sort of dogs have fallen a prey to the butchers than of any other. And we are inclined to think so, for this reason—that they are decidedly industrious dogs, and the most domestic in their tastes, of any of the inhabitants of the city. They are seldom seen gadding about the streets. And therefore in all probability, had the good fortune, a majority of them, to escape with their lives,

## CHAPTER X.

### MOBS.

I charge ye all, no more foment  
This feud, but keep the peace between  
Your brethren and your countrymen ;  
And to those places straight repair  
Where your respective dwellings are.

HUDIBRAS.

WERE a magistrate, in New York, to read the riot act in the words of our motto, it might safely be answered, by most of the rioters, “ we have no ‘ dwellings’—how then can we repair to them ?” Those, who have houses of their own, it is believed, are seldom inclined to leave them for the purpose of demolishing the houses of their neighbors.

Mobs are not an invention of recent date. On the contrary, they may lay claim to very high antiquity. Even before the deluge “ the earth,” we are told, “ was filled with vio-

lence." And where is violence to be found in a more concentrated form, than in a mob ? In the days of "righteous Lot," and in the foul city of Sodom, we read of "both old and young," that collected about the house of that patriarch and violently clamored for the surrender of the two angels who lodged with him. And they would actually have broken into the house and committed great violence, had they not, in the midst of their rage, been struck blind by the celestial visitants.

The mob prevailed to a great extent in Greece. But the materials of a Grecian mob, it must be confessed, were of a more respectable character than those of modern times ; and they might plead in excuse, especially at Athens, the nature of their government, which so frequently called the multitude together.

At Rome also they had very distinguished mobs. Such was that which seized upon the Sabine women. Such was that which foully murdered the brave Dentatus ; and such that which slew the Gracchi. The two last were patrician mobs.

In Judea, a mob murdered the Savior of men. When Pilate, the Roman governor, who sat as judge, was disposed to acquit him, he was prevented by the violence of the multitude who demanded the blood of the innocent ; and that Barabbas, a fellow of their own kidney, who had been committed for murder and sedition, should be set at liberty. And the governor (how unworthy the character of a Roman) gave sentence for the crucifixion of an innocent person, because “ a tumult was made.”

Great cities have ever been, and probably ever will be, more or less the theatres of the mob. In London they have given their tumultuous exhibitions times without number. Many of these have been deemed worthy of a place in history. During the reign of George III. there were several of this description : such as the beer mob of 1762, occasioned by an increased duty on that favorite beverage of Englishmen. In the year 1767 happened the Wilkes mob, occasioned by the imprisonment of the celebrated John Wilkes. The year

1780 was famous for the great anti-popery mob, occasioned by the repeal of the penal laws against Papists. This mob continued to rule for several days. It set fire to many houses ; pulled down that of Lord Mansfield, and several others ; and was not finally suppressed until three or four hundred of the rioters had fallen by the hands of the military.

Paris too has had her mobs. Indeed, for several years during the French Revolution, she may be said to have been almost under the constant influence of the mob ; which, through her, ruled all France.

All the principal cities of the United States have had their mobs. The most famous of these, and the most worthy of the dignity of history—both on account of the cause, the character of the persons engaged, and the consequences that ensued—was the celebrated *tea-mob* of Boston, in the year 1773, commonly called the “Boston Tea Party.” Three years before that the British soldiers were mobbed, and assailed with stones and brickbats ; when they fired upon the Bosto-

nians, and killed five on the spot. In later times, the Boston mobs have been comparatively trivial affairs. But it must be confessed; that the citizens of that sober metropolis, when once sufficiently wrought up to enact the mob, do the business in the most effectual manner of any people of the United States.

Baltimore has been emphatically called the "Mob-City;" and in the year 1812 certain of her people did their best, or their worst, to win for her that appellation. On that occasion fell several persons, among whom was General Lingan, a revolutionary officer, who was murdered in the jail where he had been placed for security against the violence of the mob, whose animosity he had excited by his efforts in defending the house of Mr. Hanson the editor of the Federal Republican. Hanson was opposed to the war, then recently declared, which was a favorite with the mob.

In 1835—a year, as was likewise that of '34, infamous for mobs—Baltimore renewed her claim to be called the "mob-city," by pulling down, or suffering to be pulled down,



in a riot, the houses of some of her most distinguished citizens.

Philadelphia—the “city of brotherly love”—had her mobs in 1834, when some blood was spilt. In fact the spirit of violence and misrule prevailed throughout the United States, in the years '34 and '35 ; and it would have been strange indeed, if Philadelphia had entirely escaped the epidemic.

The first mob of any great notoriety in New York, was called the “*Doctors' Mob*”—not because it was got up *by* the doctors, but *against* them. This happened in the winter of 1787. Some medical students were imprudent enough to let it be known that they were engaged in the offices of dissection—actually dismembering the bodies of men who had not died the death of felons. And as it is ever considered, by the populace, a greater crime to exhume and dissect a dead man, than to kill a live one, so the populace of this city determined to make an example of these sons of Æsculapius. They rushed to the Hospital and destroyed a number of anatomical

preparations; and would have done the same by the students, if they had not been rescued by the interference of the mayor, the sheriff, and some of the most intelligent citizens, who lodged them in jail for safe keeping. The mob then attacked the jail, and in attempting to disperse them, John Jay was severely wounded in the head. Hamilton and others, used their exertions in defence of the jail. The militia were at length called out; and the mob were finally dispersed by killing five and wounding seven or eight of their number.

The year '34 was famous, in New York, for the *anti-abolition mob*. Commencing on the Fourth of July, at an anti-slavery meeting in Chatham-street Chapel, it was not completely suppressed for several days. The abolitionists—relying upon the Constitution, thought they had a right to express their opinions freely on all subjects, and among the rest on the subject of slavery. Relying on the Declaration of Independence, they deemed that all men were born free and equal; and that the blacks not only had a right to their liberty,

but that they were also entitled to an equal seat in public, with their white brethren.

In the practical enjoyment of this idea, they were not molested either by the philosopher or the christian; neither of whom attempted to disturb a union in which they were not compelled to join, and which was left equally free to all, either to choose or to reject.

But others were not so inclined to peace. In spite of the Declaration of Independence and the U. S. Constitution, they determined that all men were not born equal, and that there was one subject, at least, on which, in a free country, no man should publicly open his mouth. They resolved, therefore, *nem. con.*, that the abolitionists should be routed. Wherefore, attacking them from the boxes, they hurled down upon their heads, in the pit,\*

\* The Chatham-street Chapel was formerly the Chatham Theatre. It is but a few years since it was captured from the Arch Enemy; and it still bears evidence of its profane origin: for the boxes, tier above tier, remain precisely as in the days of its theatrical glory; the pit and the stage only being changed into something more of a church-like appearance.

the benches, and whatever they could conveniently lay their hands on ; and at last succeeded in driving them, with their colored friends, from the house.

The next exploit of the mob was the attack on the house of Lewis Tappan, the leader of the abolitionists. Having broken in the doors and windows, they contented themselves with making a bonfire of all his furniture—valued at about \$1500—and then, with great moderation, dispersed, to assemble again the next evening for further mischief. Their next achievement was the demolition of the windows and pews of the churches of the Rev. Dr. Cox and the Rev. Mr. Ludlow ; both of which gentlemen were accused of being favorable to immediate abolition. The mob also, attacked the church of the Rev. Peter Williams, a respectable colored clergyman, who happened to be of opinion that slavery was not the best possible condition for his African brethren.

Such were the principal proceedings of the anti-abolition mob of '34. How much longer

they would have continued their outrages, had they not been wearied with the business—or had they not begun, after about three days, to meet with some decided symptoms of opposition from the police, we know not.

To do justice to our worthy mayor and corporation, it must be acknowledged that, in almost all cases of outbreaks against the peace, they begin to bestir themselves very lustily after the mischief is fairly done. When the city is threatened with a riot, they strenuously keep their own peace, until the mob is completely organized, the work of destruction commenced, and, in general, pretty well finished. It has been so in all the riots that have happened here within our recollection.

The last of these was the *flour-riot*, which happened in the month of February of the present year. In consequence of the high price of bread, growing out of the monopoly of flour by a few speculators in that article, the papers for several weeks had spoken in terms of indignation of the base avarice—the grinding cruelty—of those merchants, who

were said to be coining money, as it were, out of the very heart's blood of the people

At length a great meeting was assembled in the Park, to devise means for the cure of so great a grievance. Warm harangues were pronounced, and spirited resolutions were passed. Whether these roused the feelings of the half-starved auditors, and first suggested to their minds the idea of taking vengeance on the flour monopolists, or whether the mob had been previously organized, as the conservators of the peace had been some hours before, informed : certain it is, that immediately after the dismissal of the meeting in the Park, a band of rioters proceeded to the store of Eli Hart & Co., the most obnoxious of all the flour monopolists ; and demolishing their windows and doors, threw out and destroyed two or three hundred barrels of flour, and nearly the like quantity of wheat. Whether they expected to make the remainder of those articles cheaper by destroying a part, is not specified ; but so rapidly did they work for two or three hours, in rolling out and sta-



ving in the casks of flour and wheat, that their contents lay mingled together, from one side of the street to the other, to the depth of two or three feet.

The worthy mayor was, by this time, on the ground before the mob had more than half completed the work in hand. The constables were also there, with their long pine sticks. The mayor—like a man of peace, as he is known to be—first began to make a speech. But the rioters, who had just been hearing a much finer oration in the Park, refused to listen ; and even proceeded so far as to stop the flow of His Honor's eloquence, with a handful of flour. They treated the constables and their staves of office with quite as little respect ; for they broke the staves over the constables' backs.

The mayor and his posse were driven from the ground ; but returning, after a while with a larger force, they finally proved victorious. Another flour store was broken open by this mob ; but nothing worthy of note achieved.

Theatrical rows occasionally grace New

York, as well as other cities ; but history can scarcely raise these to the dignity of mobs—at least such as we have seen in this city. The principal of these were the anti-Anderson and the anti-Wood rows at the Park theatre ; the first, we think, was in 1831 ; the last was in 1836. They were each occasioned by imported singers. The first, while on board the ship crossing the Atlantic, was so imprudent as to “damn the Yankees”—meaning thereby Americans, in general. And as the Americans, though they may abuse one another pretty heartily, will not allow foreigners to take the same liberty : so they determined, at least in New York—that Mr. Anderson should never raise a note on their boards ; and they effectually executed their determination ; besides smashing the windows and lamps in front of the theatre.

The anti-Wood row originated chiefly in a private quarrel between the Courier and Enquirer and Wood, the singer. The Courier had made a statement respecting the rather uncorteous refusal of Mr. Wood to play at

Mrs. Conduit's benefit ; which statement happening to be true, was taken in very high dudgeon by Mr. Wood. He insisted upon its being contradicted ; and as the *Courier* did not choose upon that occasion, to eat its own words, he brought the matter publicly upon the stage—accusing the editor of falsehood and ungentlemanly conduct. This roused the ire of the editor, who invited the sovereign people to attend at the Park, at Wood's next appearance, and put him down ; at the same time warning the police not to interfere. The people—alias the mob—did more than they were invited to. They burst in the doors of the theatre, and filled the house more perfectly than it was ever filled before. They however did little or no mischief ; and only insisted, when High Constable Hays attempted to interfere, that that grave functionary should make them a speech from the stage. Wood challenged Webb, the editor of the *Courier*, who refused to meet him, on the ground that he was not a gentleman. The former shortly after sailed for England.

Much has been said, in the newspapers, of the prevalence of the mob in this city ; and we have thought it necessary, in taking a glance at things in general, to give also a chapter on mobs. But, on a careful review of the subject, we cannot find that New York is entitled to any great pre-eminence in the mob line : especially, when the vast number and various character of her population is considered : and still more especially, when the kindly forbearance of the city authorities allows such remarkable scope for the free exercise of the spirit of mobocracy.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MONOPOLIES.

“And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
Upon a camel laden all with gold;  
Two iron coffers hung on either side;  
With precious metal, full as they might hold;  
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;  
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,  
And unto hell himself for money sold.”—SPENCER.

WE now come to a grievance of a very different, but of a not less odious and injurious, character than that which formed the subject of our last chapter. Much as mobs are to be deprecated, and much as every friend to good order and security should set his face against them : so much and so strenuously should every lover of his country set himself in opposition to the abuse of monopolies. By which we mean the granting of exclusive

privileges to any man or set of men, save only, for the public good ; or for the security of the right of authors, inventors, &c., to the productions of their own toil and study.

The monopolies, against which every good man should firmly strive, are those which are devised and granted solely for the benefit of individuals or companies. Such monopolies convert a general right into an exclusive one. They take from the many to give to the few. They rob Peter, James, and John, only to bestow the plunder on Philip.

Here is a direct injury to all the individuals of the community, except the favored one—the monopolist—because their rights are taken away and conferred upon him. But this is not the greatest of the evil. An indirect, but more wide-spread injury is inflicted on the community. The monopolist, having the sole command and disposal of any article of general use or necessity, compels the public to pay twice or thrice as much for it as would be the price, if left where nature and the general



rights of man had placed it, open and free to competition.

In bringing into comparison the two evils of mobs and monopolies, we ought to bear in mind that the former, being unlawful, require only the execution of the law to suppress them. This, the magistrates, with a due degree of vigor and firmness can effect, and every good citizen will lend his aid in restoring and keeping the peace. The grievance is capable of prompt redress. Not so with monopolies ; because, being a lawful evil, the magistrates cannot interfere with them. They cannot command the aid of the posse to put them down ; they cannot call out the military to suppress them. There is nothing in general, to be done, but to wait for the slow operation of time. Even the legislature cannot mend the mischief it has made. It has no power to uncharter what it has once chartered. The community, whatever burdens it is suffering under, must wait for a given term of years, if not forever, for their removal.

Contrasted as monopolies are with mobs, there is nevertheless, in many cases, a pretty close connection between them—namely, that of cause and effect—the oppression of the monopoly leading to the outrage of the mob. This is verified by history. The principal discontents, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, rose from the great number and oppressive nature of the monopolies granted by that princess; and had it not been for her personal popularity and the remarkable vigor of her administration, in all probability, would have exhibited themselves in a more alarming shape than that of mere murmurs and complaints.

Among the articles, for which patents of monopoly were granted by Elizabeth, were, according to Hume, “currants, salt, iron, powder, cards, calfskins, fells, pouldavies, oxshin-bones, train oil, lists of cloth, potashes, anniseeds, vinegar, sea coals, steel, aquavitæ, brushes, pots, bottles, saltpetre, lead, accident, oil, calamine-stone, oil of blubber, glasses, paper, starch, tin, sulphur, new drapery, dried pilchards,” &c &c. The

monopolists of saltpetre had the power of entering any house, and of committing what havoc they pleased in stables, cellars, or wherever they suspected saltpetre might be gathered. The last parliament of James I. abolished monopolies, with an exception in favor of new inventions. But they were revived by Charles I., who sold to a company the exclusive privilege of manufacturing soap; and laid restrictions on a great many other commodities, even down to linen rags. These monopolies, which almost ruined the industry of the country during two or three successive reigns, were among the various causes of complaint which finally brought the unhappy Charles to the block.

Elizabeth rewarded her public servants and gratified her favorites by the grant of exclusive privileges. She gave to the celebrated earl of Essex the monopoly of sweet wines. Our legislators also reward their favorites and partisans by a gift of monopolies. If they do not confer upon them the exclusive privilege of dealing in "shin-bones," "lists of cloth,"

“dried pilchards,” and such like trifling matters, they grant them other and more weighty monopolies, which doubtless please them quite as well : such as bank charters, insurance charters, gas-light charters, and the “sole use and behoof” of various other rights and privileges, which they take from their constituents in general, to bestow on their partisans and friends in particular.

The mayor and corporation of New York, so far as their legislative capacity admits, imitate their superiors in the state legislature : so that, between the general assembly and the common council, a restriction is laid upon many of the most important pursuits, and many of the most necessary articles of comfort and convenience.

Banking is a monopoly ; the sale of butcher's meat is a monopoly ; the disposal of goods at auction is a monopoly ; the ferries are a monopoly ; the piloting of vessels is a monopoly ; and gas-lights are a monopoly.

By the monopoly of banking, commercial operations are fettered ; by the monopoly of

butcher's meat, the price is excessively increased, and many a poor man deprived of a piece ; by the monopoly of sales at auction, the advantages which should accrue to the pockets of the many are confined to the pockets of the few ; by the monopoly of ferries, a hundred per cent more is paid for crossing the river, than would otherwise be demanded ; by the monopoly of gas-lights, the city is left in darkness ; and by the monopoly of pilotage, vessels are lost and human life destroyed, which would be saved if the business were left open to competition.

Of the injurious operation of the pilot laws of New York instances are almost too numerous to require particular mention. But we cannot pass over those very disastrous cases which have occurred within a few months—we mean the wreck of the ships *Bristol* and *Mexico*, on the *Rockaway* beach ; when nearly two hundred lives were lost. These ships were in sight of the harbor, standing off and on for several days, with a signal flying for a pilot ; but no pilot would budge an inch, be-

cause the few to whom the law gives a monopoly of the business, had grown too fat, too luxurious, too careless of gain, to expose themselves to a rude wind and a rough sea, however much property and however many lives might be lost by their negligence.\*

\* Since the above was written, a law has been passed by Congress, which makes the waters of New York and New Jersey common to the pilots of both states. Our own legislature has also attempted something in the way of amendment of our pilot system. But whatever is done, or neglected to be done, on this subject at Albany, the act of Congress will open a road to competition; and it is hoped no future disasters like the above may occur, from a mere want of exertion on the part of the pilots.



## CHAPTER XII.

### MAGAZINES.

Hard has he toiled and richly earned his gains  
Ruined his fingers and spun out his brains.—ЕЩЕ.

THE Italian word *magazzino*, from which our English word magazine is derived, signifies a warehouse. Rightly named therefore are those publications, which come to us monthly, two-monthly, and half-monthly, stitched in colored paper, and containing a heap of things. They are truly warehouses, filled with a variety of wares, manufactured by the joint labor of various heads and hands. These wares are of divers character, and made of divers materials. There is the wooden ware, the iron ware, the leaden ware, and even the silver and the golden wares.

Again, if we take the leading definition of the word, in our English dictionaries, we shall find a magazine to be a store of arms, ammu-

nition, or provisions. Some of our magazines, indeed, notwithstanding their pacific exterior, are well filled with arms, with weapons offensive and defensive. Of ammunition too they have a plentiful store. They abound in powder—at least if we may judge by occasional explosions. Lead, too, they have in very considerable store. And in materials for wadding—or that whereof wadding may be created—they are most abundant. As to the article of provisions, we believe they are usually victualled for a longer or a shorter period, according as the public, on which they are dependent for supplies, chooses to furnish them forth. We have here no particular reference to the New York magazines. We shall come to them by and by.

The Gentleman's Magazine published in London and we believe the most venerable periodical extant, was commenced in the year 1731;\* having now attained to the age of one

\* We have here followed Thomas's History of Printing. Grant, in his Great Metropolis, has detracted two years from the age of the Gentleman's Magazine, by fixing its birth in the year 1733.

hundred and six, and still in a healthy and vigorous condition. In its pages Dr. Johnson first saw himself in print, after coming, a needy adventurer to the great metropolis; and for several years subsisted on the small pay he received from Cave, its publisher.\*

So long a life in a magazine is little less than miraculous. Short has been the date of all similar publications in our own country. Whether their lives have been merry as well as short, their editors and publishers best can tell. The career of some two or three—now defunct—was at least brilliant, if not merry. Such was that of the *Port Folio*, under the management of Dennie, who died in Philadelphia, about the year 1813. Next flourished for a short period, in the same city, the *Analectic Magazine*—bright while it lasted. In our city Bryant published the *United States*

\* What remuneration Johnson got for his contributions, does not appear. It was probably—considering the difference in the price of literature in that day and the present—not one fourth of what is now paid by the London magazines, which, Grant informs us, varies from ten to sixteen guineas a sheet.

Review. But even his fine talents could not sustain it, because on the other hand, it would not sustain him; and he therefore carried his talents to a more profitable market, in the columns of a daily paper.

The first magazine, published in this country, was in the year 1741, in Philadelphia. Boston followed two years after. In both these places several magazines were started and died previous to the revolution. In New-York there was no publication either called, or deserving the name of, a magazine, before that event.

The number of magazines, at present in this city, may be nine or ten: the principal of which are, the Knickerbocker, published by Wiley & Long, Clark & Edson proprietors; the American Monthly Magazine, George Dearborn; the Mechanic's Magazine, D. K. Minor; the New York Farmer and American Gardener's Magazine, Minor & Schaefer; the Anti-Slavery Magazine, Elizur Wright; the Ladies' Companion, William W. Snowden; the Journal of the American Institute, T. B.

Wakeman ; and the Naval Magazine, John S. Taylor. All these are monthly publications, with the exception of the last, which is published once in two months ; and the Anti-Slavery Magazine which is published quarterly.

The Knickerbocker and the American Monthly are devoted to subjects of general literature ; and are made up entirely of original matter : consisting of poetry, prose, essays on scientific and literary themes, historical and fancy sketches, and notices of new publications. Both these magazines sustain a high character. They have enlisted, and still continue to employ, some of the best talents in the country. But though their general scope is the same, there is nevertheless some diversity in their character. The Knickerbocker, to our taste, is rather the most agreeable. It has more sprightliness, more variety, and more good nature in its critical remarks. Both these magazines have now subsisted for some years ; having attained to eight or nine volumes each ; which is no slight achievement in the life of any American

magazine. They are both, we believe, healthy and flourishing. The former is edited by Willis Gaylord Clark ; the latter, by Charles K. Hoffman and Park Benjamin. The price of each is \$5 per year.

The course of the Naval Magazine is very similar to that of the two above described ; the principal difference being a more special devotion to subjects connected with the sea. Like them it is composed entirely of original articles. It is edited by the Rev. E. S. Stewart ; and, though still in its infancy, gives promise of eminence. The price is \$3 a year.

The Ladies' Companion is also devoted to general literature ; but of a lighter and more ladylike kind—consisting more of tales, bits of romance, and scenes of love. It is made up partly of original and partly of selected matter ; and does not burn its fingers with criticisms. It is an agreeable and popular melange ; has now been living for about three years ; and is believed to be in a thriving condition. The price is \$3.



The Anti-Slavery Magazine is devoted to the cause of immediate abolition of slavery in the United States. What encouragement it meets with we know not. The price is only \$1.

The Mechanics' Magazine—which is also a Journal of the Mechanics' Institute—a useful association in this city—is devoted, as its name indicates, to the dissemination of knowledge and improvement in the mechanic arts. It is composed both of original and selected articles, and is a work of great value. It has reached the 9th volume, healthy and strong. The price is \$3.

The New York Farmer and American Gardener's Magazine has attained to a still higher age, being now in its tenth year. Its character and object are expressed in its name. Price \$3.

The Journal of the American Institute is devoted to the doings of that distinguished association, and to the general improvement of America in manufactures, and the various arts.

of life, both useful and ornamental. It is a valuable journal; but still young, though managed by old heads. Its price is \$4.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### NEWSPAPERS.

You were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report.

HAMLET.

THE ancients were fond of characterizing the several ages of the olden time, by certain *metallic* epithets : as the golden, the silver, the brass, and the iron. Perhaps the present could not be better characterized, than by calling it the age of newspapers--or the *newspaperial age*. But in giving it this distinctive appellation, we would not be understood to hint that the metals, which gave name to the ages of antiquity, should all be excluded from our ideas of the present. On the contrary, the gold and the silver--yea, and the brass--to say nothing of the iron--are exceedingly requisite for the due and successful discharge of the newspaperial functions.

How the republics of Greece and Rome ever lived, flourished, and made so much noise in the world, without newspapers, is, to us, very mysterious. It is strange how they could support their free governments : expose the tricks of designing knaves ; pull off the mask from the sham patriot ; put the bad out of office and put the good in ; and advance the true interests of the republic ; without the efficient aid of an editorial corps. It is equally strange how they could manage without newspapers, in the important affairs of religion, morals, manners, and tastes ; and especially how the citizens of Athens and Rome could get through a rainy day, pass a long winter evening, or make their breakfast, without a newspaper.

Never were a people better fitted by character, for the encouragement and support of newspapers, than the Athenians : for, St. Paul assures us, that they “ spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some *new thing*.” There would have been a capital chance for the penny-a-liners ; an ex-

cellent one for “a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles ;” and a very general field for the circulation of horrid accidents and the latest specimens of town scandal. An editor, properly fitted for his task, might have made his fortune at Athens in a very short time.

But the blessing of newspapers was reserved for “the latter days.” Immortal Faust ! how much are we indebted to thee ! Vilely indeed hast thou been libelled by those who have represented thee as being too familiar with the Arch Enemy of man. Such representation is, in its very nature, contradictory : for the devil—unless his skill and cunning are greatly overrated—is not such a blockhead as to help mankind to the invention of an art, which, in the suppression of ignorance and the advancement of morals and religion, is every day making greater and greater inroads upon his kingdom.

But though printing was invented as early as the middle of the 15th century, newspapers seem not to have been thought of, until near the close of the 17th, when the first paper

was printed in England—not far from 150 years ago.

America was not far behind the mother country. To the Bostonians belongs the credit of printing the first newspaper on this side of the Atlantic. It was commenced on the 24th of April, 1704, was entitled *The Boston News Letter*, and was published weekly on a half sheet of paper, pot size—by John Campbell, bookseller and Postmaster.\*

Philadelphia was fifteen years behind Boston, in the introduction of a newspaper. The first published there was the *American Weekly Mercury*, by Andrew Bradford, dated Dec. 22, 1719. Like its Boston prototype, it was on a half sheet of pot paper.

New-York followed Philadelphia at an interval of six years; and Boston at an interval

\* It was very common, for some time after the first introduction of newspapers into the American colonies, for the Postmasters in the towns where they were printed, to be also the publishers. Franklin was Postmaster, as well as printer, in Philadelphia. The privileges belonging to the former office were doubtless useful in advancing the interests of the latter.



of twenty-one. William Bradford published the first paper in this city, on the 16th of October, 1725. It was called THE NEW-YORK GAZETTE, and was published weekly, on a whole sheet of foolscap. Thus, though New-York was behind her sister cities in starting her first newspaper, she greatly exceeded them in the size of her publication.

How must the Philadelphia and Boston printers have been astonished at receiving the first number of the New-York paper, twice as large as their own at the time of birth! Did they not nearly burst with envy? The difference, indeed, was but a few square inches; and would not be noticed in the superficies of a modern newspaper. But the difference of "a few inches in the length of a man's nose" was thought something of in those days of moderate views and limited attainments.

Eight years after the commencement of Bradford's paper, John Peter Zenger started the New-York Weekly Journal. The first number had the imprint of "*Munday, October 5, 1733.*"

The contrast between the size of the first paper published in this city, nearly 112 years ago, and those of the present time, is very remarkable; and still more so is the difference in the amount of reading contained in the papers of these different dates. Bradford's Gazette was printed on type of the English size. Our modern papers use nothing larger than brevier, and set up their advertisements, and frequently their editorials, in type much smaller. The superficies of Bradford's paper was scarcely a twelfth part of that of the size now in use. His paper, to use a printer's term, would not have contained more than ten thousand *ems*; while the Courier and Enquirer, or the Sunday Morning News, of the present date, contains not less than three hundred thousand. A man and boy would easily have set up Bradford's paper, entire, in one day. Whereas it would require fifty full grown men to compose one of our mammoths, entire, in the same time.

Newspapers, a hundred years ago, were "good for sore eyes." At least, if they did

not cure, neither did they cause them. They could be speedily read, and that without glasses. Now it is a day's work; and as to the eyes—to use the language of a great man. their “sufferings *is* intolerable, and *cries* aloud for relief.” But then, on the other hand, it is to be hoped, that, as much as the outward lights are injured, the inward light will be brightened and improved.

The whole number of papers, published at the present time in this city, is about fifty. Of these, fourteen are daily; eight semiweekly; and the remainder, weekly. Of the daily papers, ten are of the large kind, commonly denominated “sixpenny,” to distinguish them from the smaller, or penny papers. The largest of these latter, however, are very little inferior in size to the smallest of the former. There is much more difference in the price, than in the size.

The sixpenny papers are sold, by the single copy, for six and a quarter cents, alias a New-York sixpence: hence the title. But at the yearly price, of \$10, each paper comes to

about three and a quarter cents. The penny papers, as their name implies, are sold for a penny a copy. The yearly subscription, when sent abroad by mail, is \$3. In the city, subscribers take them by the week, and pay the carrier, every Monday morning, for the papers of the previous week. Thus there is no hazard in the case of any subscriber, beyond a single sixpence. The carriers pay the publisher two thirds of a cent for each copy. In addition to these weekly subscriptions, many papers are circulated by the boys, who sell them about the streets. And in this manner the children of many poor people are kept from starvation—nay, find profitable employment.

In fact, the introduction of the penny press, in this country—in which New York took the lead—deserves to be recorded as an important era in the history of our newspapers. The first successful attempt was made by Day & Wisner. They commenced the Sun towards the close of 1833, on a medium half sheet. Two or three months afterwards,

the Transcript was begun, of the same size, by Hayward Lynde & Stanley. Both these papers have since been repeatedly enlarged, and now give little indication of their original size. The Sun is now published by Benjamin H. Day ; the Transcript by Stanley & Prall.

Sundry other penny papers have at different times, been ushered into the world, breathed a few days, and then died. But, being defunct, it is not necessary to name them.

The next living penny publication, viz. the Herald—now changed to a two-penny—was started in 1835, by James Gordon Bennett ; by whom it is still published. The New Era, by Locke & Price, followed in 1836. Mr. Locke is now sole Editor.

These four papers, it is believed, circulate about 50,000 copies : furnishing employment, in printing and distribution to some hundreds of persons ; and reading to at least a hundred thousand—for it is not saying too much to assert that each copy, on an average, finds two readers. A large proportion of these copies

go into the hands of those who take no other papers; and, were it not for the cheapness of these, would be entirely destitute of any species of reading, or of any information in relation to public events.

We may indeed, therefore, call it an important era, when so many thousand persons are provided with information, instruction and amusement, where there was none of a similar kind before. Not only is the mind greatly enlarged and improved, but the morals are amended—as they always are, where the mind is enlightened. By having an agreeable source of amusement, many persons are kept from devoting their leisure hours to bad company, to drink, to gaming, and to many other vicious, foolish, and unworthy pursuits. There are few men, who have not some leisure hours, when, if they are not reading, they will be very likely—especially in a large city, full of dram-shops—to be doing worse. It is interesting to see thousands of persons as we now do daily, poring over a newspaper, who, if they could not have one brought to their hand for



a penny, would, in all probability, be at the next shop, pouring down liquor—and chiefly from the mere want of something to do. A carter may be now seen sitting on his cart ; a barrowman on his barrow ; and a porter at his stand : each perusing a penny paper, while waiting for a job.

The sixpenny papers have accused the penny press of a mischievous tendency. But is knowledge mischievous because it is cheap ? The accusers do not make so absurd a charge. But they allege against the penny papers, that they print false statements, that they circulate libels, and that they stir up the mob. The penny papers retort the accusation. They point to the anti-abolition, and to certain political mobs, and ask, who stirred up these ? In regard to libels, they point to certain prosecutions, convictions and suits for damages against some of the sixpenny editors ; and in regard to false statements in general, they say, “ Let him that is without sin among you, cast the first stone.” To recriminate, however, even where the recrimination is just, is not to

prove one's own innocence. But it does prove, as in the case before us, that the faults, with which the penny papers are charged, admitting them to exist, are not chargeable upon them alone; but that they are equally shared by their older and more aristocratic brethren.

In regard to stirring up the mob, we can scarcely believe that any newspaper, of whatever kind, would designedly be guilty of such a crime against the peace of community; though certain articles in its columns, by the warmth with which grievances, either real or imaginary, are stated—may have a tendency to arouse the people to acts of violence and outrage. In regard to erroneous statements, which happen too often in newspapers, it is to be hoped they are generally unintentional; and arise, for the most part, from the hurry incident to the business of making up a paper, especially a daily one. Of deliberate libels, we must say, they are of too foul a nature to be charged upon a whole class of publishers; whether of a cheap, or a more expensive article.

We had originally intended to give, not only the amount of circulation of all the papers in New York, but likewise that of each individual paper. We have, however on mature reflection, relinquished that design, and for these reasons : In the first place, it would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible to get at the exact truth ; some of the publishers would be unwilling to make any such exposure of their private affairs, and others would greatly exaggerate respecting the prosperity of theirs : in the second place, the truth, if given, might prove invidious, and possibly injurious to some of the persons concerned, without being of any great use to the public ; and lastly, if an erroneous statement were put forth, not only individuals would be injured, but the public would be deceived.

Our general estimate, it is believed, will not differ essentially from the truth ; and if it should vary a few hundreds among so many thousands, it will, as Thomas Jefferson said on a more important subject, “neither pick a man’s pocket nor break his leg.”

The circulation of all the papers in New-York is supposed to be about 225,000. Of these, 75,000 are assigned to the daily press ; 20,000, to the semiweekly ; and 130,000, to the weekly. To the penny papers—including the Herald—we have, above, allowed 50,000. Perhaps they will something exceed that number ; and perhaps the sixpenny dailies will fall a little short of 25,000.

The ten large daily papers are—to commence with the most venerable in age—the New-York Gazette, published by the heirs of John Lang, and now in its 49th year ; Courier and Enquirer, James Watson Webb ; Journal of Commerce, Hale and Hallock ; Mercantile Advertiser, Amos Butler ; Express, Townsend and Hudson. The above are all morning papers, and of whig, or opposition, politics. The Times, Holland, Sanford, and Davies, is also a morning paper ; its politics are loyal. The evening papers are the Commercial Advertiser, Francis Hall & Co. ; American, Charles King ; Evening Star, Noah & Gill ; Evening Post, Bryant and

others. The three first are Whig; the latter administration.

The Gazette, the Commercial Advertiser, and the Evening Post were Federal papers, in the days when Federalism was; which days ended a little after the close of the last war with Great Britain. The Post was distinguished by the contributions of Hamilton, and other great men of his party, who flourished at the commencement of the present century.

The penny papers are all published in the morning; and eschew politics. The price of advertising is \$30 per annum, in all the daily papers, both great and small, except the Courier and Enquirer, in which paper it has recently been raised to \$50.

The semiweekly papers being all issued from the daily offices, most of them bearing the same designation as the daily paper, and in all cases made up from its columns—it is not necessary to particularize. The same may be said of some of the weekly papers: particularly those issued by the penny press, of which each office has its own; and those

issued at two or three of the sixpenny offices. They may in all be estimated at 10,000.

The circulation of the weekly papers, not issued from the daily offices, is believed to be not less than 120,000. Of these, about 70,000 are published by the different religious presses, of which the following are the principal, namely : The Christian Advocate and Journal, Methodist ; New York Observer, Presbyterian ; Protestant Vindicator, Anti-Catholic ; New York Evangelist, New Light ; Truth Teller, Roman Catholic ; Churchman, Episcopalian ; Christian Intelligencer, Dutch Reformed ; Zion's Watchman ; Abolition-Methodist ; Weekly Messenger, not particularly sectarian.

The remaining weekly papers, whose circulation is estimated at 50,000, are of various character, as specified below. They are as follows : The New York Mirror, George P. Morris ; form quarto, character literary, mechanical execution beautiful, contents elegant, price \$5 : Spirit of the Times, William T. Porter ; literary and sporting, form quarto, size large, contents spirited, price \$5 :



New Yorker, Greely, Burke & Fisher ; literature and general news, form both folio and quarto, politics independent, contents of a high order, price \$2, and \$3 : Sunday Morning News, Samuel Jenks Smith ; literature and news, size bed-blanket, management able and judicious, price \$3 : \* Plain Dealer, William H. Leggett ; imperial octavo, literary and political, style vigorous, contents original and independent, price \$5 : Rail Road Journal, Minor & Schaefer ; imperial octavo, internal improvements, a highly useful publication, price \$5 : Albion, J. S. Bartlett ; quarto, large size, foreign, literature and news, a valuable publication, price \$6 : Emigrant, this is also published by J. S. Bartlett ; and, as its name implies, is designed for the use of emigrants : the European, published by John M. Moore, is also designed for that class of our population,

\* This paper, like the penny papers, is sold, in very large numbers, in the streets. The price is sixpence per copy.

Taking our previous estimate to be correct, the whole number of copies of newspapers, published in New York in one week, is 620,000 ; and, in one year, 32,240,000 ; which is upwards of 10,000,000 more than the whole number published in every part of the United States, in 1810, according to an estimate in Thomas's History of Printing, published that year.

We have hinted at the ability with which several of the weekly papers are managed. To say that there is much talent in the conduct of the dailies, both large and small, will not be saying too much. There is, however, a striking difference between them, not only as to the amount but as to the kind of talent employed. Original articles of great spirit and vigor may be found in some of the large dailies ; while several others are characterized neither by vigor, spirit, nor originality. In fact, there is a plentiful lack of industry in several of the elderly dailies, which are now evidently living on their past reputation. In exertions to obtain the earliest foreign intelli-

gence and Congressional news, the Courier takes the lead. In local news, police reports, and city affairs in general, the penny papers are in the front ground. The praise of industry, in this respect, will be conceded to them.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS.

Of making many books there is no end.

SOLOMON.

The loaded press beneath her labor groans,  
And printers' devils shake their weary bones.

BYRON.

IF New York abounds in the ephemeral productions of the press—in the “folio of four pages”—and the other works which come periodically forth, whether daily, weekly, or monthly—no less fruitful is she in the more enduring productions of paper and type—the octavos, the duodecimos, the eighteens, the twenty-fours, the thirty-twos, the forty-eights, the ninety-sixes, and so on, even up to the one hundred and twenty-eights. We are not certain, indeed, that the printers of this city ever proceed so far as the imposition of tri-

fling matters like the last named ; but at the same time we would not advise any body to dispute their ability to do so, if they choose.

In nicety of printing we cannot say that they always equal the best ; but that is not so much their fault as that of their employers. Give them fair type, good ink, excellent paper, correct proof readers, and time enough to execute their work properly, and if it be not well done, we will own ourselves to be greatly disappointed.

Does Boston exceed New York in her typography ? We are afraid it must be confessed. But then she uses all the

“ appliances and means to boot,”

that are requisite for producing good work : which is merely saying, in other words, that she has more regard for neatness, beauty, and all those things which belong to the proper mechanism of book-making, than is generally to be found among the publishers of New York

Some very admirable work, however, has been executed by the press of this city, within

a year or two. Such in particular is the folio edition of the Common Prayer, published by Conner & Cooke ; and such are some of the works issued from the press of George Dearborn, of Harper & Brothers, &c. &c. In binding, New York may safely challenge any, or all, of the cities in the United States. We have seen nothing superior in strength, beauty, richness, and taste, to the binding executed by Heman Griffin, of this city.

But this, it must be confessed, is rather an exception to the binding generally inflicted on our books ; many of which fall to pieces on the first reading ; or, if they do not actually suffer that catastrophe, are so twisted out of all shape, so loosened in their leaves, and so evidently ready to go “the way of all the earth,” that you are actually afraid they will perish in your hands, before you have fairly read them through.

We speak now more especially of what is called the cheap binding ; which is mostly of cloth, and has within a few years taken the place of the former binding in boards : a spe-



cies of binding still much used by the principal publishers in Philadelphia ; and, so far at least, quite inferior to that of our own publishers.

It must be confessed, indeed, that the cheap binding of the present day, however slight, is a decided improvement over the binding in boards, which was in common use, for novels and other light works, ten years ago. Another very decided improvement, both in appearance and value, is the lettering on the cloth with gold leaf, instead of labelling the books with paper.

But the worst feature in modern publishing—and in this respect the Philadelphia publishers beat ours—is the vile paper on which most of the books are printed. Made of bad materials, badly wove, and so thin as to be very nearly transparent, it is not surprising that the pages of a book, made of such paper, should cut a very scandalous figure ; and, when printed on small type, with bad ink, and a machine press, should be nearly illegible.

Great fault is found with some of our publishers, in respect to bad paper. But then they compare their books with those of Philadelphia; and pointing one finger to the brown paper of the latter, and another to the fairer complexion of their own flimsy materials, triumphantly exclaim, "Behold the difference!" True, a difference there is; but it is only a difference in badness.

The public, however, may thank themselves for all the bad paper, bad printing, and bad book work of all kinds, of which the present age is guilty. If they will purchase cheap books, they must take the consequence. They cannot reasonably expect, for half price, to obtain a whole-priced article.

It has happened very strangely in regard to books—and indeed to all kinds of publications—that they have been constantly getting lower in price, while all other commodities have been getting higher. The newspaper has increased to twice its size, without adding to its price; and books, which were formerly

sold for two dollars, are now sold for only one—and not unfrequently for half a one !

The book trade, at the best, is one of little profit and great hazard. The extensive publisher, who is careful to print only such books as will sell, and to sell them only to such persons as will pay for them, may make money. Those publishers, on the other hand, who venture upon every thing that is new, print doubtful works, and sell them to doubtful customers, can scarcely fail, in a very short time, of making a complete failure. But it is the retailers, who in general suffer most, or whose case is most to be commiserated : because, let them manage with what prudence they may, they must suffer great loss ; especially if they are forward to procure all the new publications, and to have the freshest literary goods in the market. Alas ! for their obliging disposition, and their zeal to accomodate their friends and the public ! The literary novelties, which were quite fresh when they got them, will, a very large part of them, be stale enough before they find purchasers. They

remain on the shelves, year after year, a perpetually accumulating mass : and no living creature takes a fancy to them ; except it be the flies, for a convenient resting place ; or the moths and the mice, for the nutriment they may extract from their binding, and the nests they may form of their leaves.

Reader, look in, some day, upon the stock of a large retail dealer, who has been in business ten or fifteen years. Cast your eye to the highest shelves, and then again to the lowest. Look also into all the odd corners and by-places. And you will see verified what I have mentioned. You will see thousands of unsaleable volumes, for which the bibliopole has paid a high price, and which he cannot sell again at any price ; except it be beneath the hammer of the auctioneer, and then only at a fifth part of their first cost—deducting therefrom the auctioneer's commission of ten per cent. And yet, with their small profits and great losses, we know not that failures have been much more frequent among booksellers than among the dealers in other com-

modities. In half a dozen years, there have not been, in New York, so far as we recollect, more than half a dozen failures in the book trade. This may seem strange. But if we might account for it by what seems a paradox, we should say in regard to most of the dealers in books, that they cannot do business enough to fail.

The number of booksellers, of all kinds, in this city, is about sixty. Of these about fifty do business within doors, and the remainder without. These last, though their trade is small and their gains small, are the most independent of bibliopoles. They are in no danger of being turned out of doors by the avarice or the caprice of their landlords ; and if driven by any untoward circumstances from the corner of one street, they have only to remove their book store, alias their *stand*, to the corner of another, and proceed with their business as before. Several booksellers, now doing a large indoor business, in this city, first began by doing a small one in the open street.

The number of publishers in New York, not engaged in the general book-trade, is not above five or six. The principal of these are Harper & Brothers, George Dearborn, Conner & Cooke, Saunders & Otley, and Charles Wells. Others—as Collins, Keese & Co., Leavitt & Lord, the Brothers Carvill, Daniel Appleton, John S. Taylor, &c. &c. who are general booksellers, also publish more or less.

But it is believed that the amount of books, published by Harper & Brothers, equal, if it do not exceed, that of all other publishers in this city. We are informed, that the number of volumes of all sorts, issued by them in a single year, is not less than *one million*. Last year, they published about 200,000 volumes of original American works.

This, of itself—allowing there were no other publishers of our home manufacture—would be pretty good evidence that there is, at the present day, no very plentiful lack of American authorship. And if it should still be asked by some British critic—as it was a few



years ago—"who reads an American book?" it can scarcely be a question at least, who publishes one.

But American authorship has risen very materially in the English market, of late years. And so, indeed, has American *actorship*, if we may judge by the success of Forrest, Miss Clifton, Yankee Hill, and Jim Crow. Time was, when all our actors, as well as all our books, were imported. But now our exports—at least in actors—nearly equal our imports; and should the reflux of the dramatic trade continue as it has begun, the balance will in a short time be in favor of America.

But, to return to the great publishing house of Harper & Brothers. Though these gentlemen publish so much, they are exceedingly cautious as to the character of their publications. As certain kings and great men, of whom we read, used, in former times, to keep a *taster*, whose business it was to see that the food was not poisoned: so do Harper & Brothers employ a *reader*, to whose critical judgment and moral taste are subjected all

new works, whether American or imported ; and without whose sanction none of these works are ever permitted to see the light. This course is judicious, on more accounts than one. It not only insures the purity of the moral, and the briskness of the intellectual, atmosphere, as far as the press of Harper & Brothers is concerned ; but also provides effectually against the assertion that their books “ are never read.”

The publications of the Harpers are of all classes,

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

Those of Leavitt and Lord are mostly religious. Those of Dearborn are chiefly works of standard literature. So are those of Wells, and of Conner and Cooke. Collins, Keese, & Company publish mostly elementary and school books. But the principal part of the business of this latter firm is in the wholesale book trade ; in which they doubtless do a larger business than any other house in the United States. They deal mostly in American books : pur-

chasing from publishers in every part of the Union, and selling again to booksellers in every part.

But the most profitable book trade in the city is, perhaps, that of James E. Cooley, under the hammer. His trade sales are semi-annual—in March and in September. They usually continue each about a week, during which time his auction room is crowded with booksellers from all parts of the Union ; and the amount of books, stationery, and printing materials, which exchange hands, is immense.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CITY GOVERNMENT.

Like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.—As you like it.

THE form of our city government does not very materially differ from that established by the Dutch, in the days of Governor Van Twiller. Then the Council consisted of two boards, namely, the Burgermeesters and the Schepens. Our Common Council, in like manner, consists of two boards, to wit, the Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen. The Dutch corporation, as we are informed by the "only authentic history of New York," was composed of fat men. The corporation of the present day will likewise be found to be in good bodily condition. The business of the schepens was to assist the burgermeesters. The business of our assistant aldermen is to assist the aldermen.

So far they seem very perfectly to agree : their outward form and apparent use being the same. The principal difference is in the spirit and mode of operations. The Dutch *sche-pens*, saith the “only authentic history,” were appointed to help the *burgermeesters* eat, drink, and smoke. It was also a part of their duty to fill the pipes and laugh at the wit of the superior board. In this latter respect, our assistant aldermen have a far easier task : for our worthy aldermen, so far as we ever heard, never perpetrate wit ; and there is no filling of pipes, for the fathers of the city now smoke segars.

But the duties of both boards, in these latter days, differ very materially from those of the golden age of Wouter Van Twiller. They are now obliged to legislate, as well as to eat and drink. They have now appointments to make, other than those of dining, supping, and smoking. They are now bodies of some power, and not the mere appendages of the chief magistrate. They have now three hundred thousand people, of “every na-

tion, kindred, and tongue," to take care of, instead of a few quiet, easy Dutchmen.

The city of New York consists, at present, of seventeen Wards ; a new ward having, with great wisdom, been recently created. We say with great wisdom, because the number of wards should always be odd : especially where the division of parties is nearly even. An odd number—as every good woman knows, in the hatching of ducks and goslings—is apt to be most fortunate. No less so is it in the hatching of municipal affairs : as the two boards of 1836 found, to their cost ; but much more to the cost of their constituents. The parties being equally divided in each board, came very near never coming to a choice of their presiding officers. For many weeks they balloted, night after night ; and came no nearer a choice than when they first began. The result was perpetually, "eight and eight." Neither the Whigs would yield, nor the Tammanies. The people were loud in their censures ; the papers were vocal in their dis-



praise. The affairs of the city were "at sixes and sevens." The Government was nearly at a stand ; and the people began to despair.

Luckily, the Fourth of July was drawing on : and it was indispensably necessary that the two boards should organize, a little previous to that day, in order to vote themselves a public dinner, and make due provision for all the arrangements of cookery, of wine, punch, and segars. They grew suddenly patriotic. "It is a pity," said they, "that the interests of the people should suffer, by reason of our party feuds. We must organize and proceed to business. It will not do to neglect our constituents, whatever our political opinions may be. We must give way a little, in party matters—especially in the present emergency." So the aldermen elected a Tammany man president ; and the assistants elevated a Whig.

So happy an end was put to this famous division of "eight and eight." But it was resolved not to be so caught again, for want of an odd number in each board. The legisla-

ture was applied to, and graciously granted the prayer of the city for a new ward.

We have assigned to the corporation of New York some power, and also the duties of legislation. Power they certainly have, over butchers' stalls, dram-shops, street inspectors, town pumps, and many other things within the city, as well as the waters of the two rivers: reaching even to the city of Jersey on the one side, and the city of Brooklyn on the other. Concerning these matters they can legislate. But for many weighty and important concerns, they might as well be without any power. They hold a very limited charter—as is seen in the case of the new ward; for the erection of which they were obliged to ask leave of their superiors at Albany. As though it were a matter of any consequence to the state of New York, whether the number of wards were more or less in the city of New York! A charter is not worth having, unless it gives power to transact all necessary business for the interests of the city; not contravening any law of the state or the United States. Yet such is the

condition of this great city : her hands are so tied up ; she is so helpless—so unable to do any important thing of herself—that she is obliged to be running every year to Albany, to ask leave of the state legislature to draw her breath freely and at ease. She had better in the next amendment of her charter have “grace said over the whole barrel” at once, and done with it.

But if our worthy corporation are somewhat stinted in the number and variety of their powers, they cannot be called niggardly in the exercise of such as they possess : as those in office, when power changes hands, are able to testify. Being, as our motto hath it, “like an ill roasted egg, all on one side,” this power operates less for the good of the city, than for the gratification of party prejudice, party views, and party “monopoly of the spoils.” The incumbents then feel the power of the corporation. The operation of joint ballot comes ; the old placemen are displaced, from the greatest to the least, and new ones placed in their room. “Is he

honest, is he capable, is he faithful ?” These trifling questions are never asked. It is more to the point to know on which side he voted, how many votes he brought with him to the poll, and how many speeches he made prior to, and at the election. Political virtue never looks to the good of the people, but to the advantages of the party. Ingratitude to faithful friends and staunch partisans, is not, at least in our day, among the number of political sins. “To the victors belong the spoils,” and the successful leaders, dare not be niggardly, or stray from party bounds, in their distribution.

Though the character of a New York corporation is, in general, that of perfect one-sidedness ; the two boards of '36, as we have already seen in the affair of “eight and eight,” were as two-sided as could well be desired. The only thing they ever cordially agreed on was the great anniversary dinner above named. The old placemen remained in place, because the parties were too much divided to agree on the substitution of new ones.

It must be said, to the credit of all the boards with which New York has for many years been blessed, that, however they may neglect the minor concerns of the city, they never fail to pay proper attention to the interesting subject of the great annual dinner on the Fourth of July. They invariably appropriate money, to feed themselves on that occasion ; and their patriotism is shown, not less by the amount than the regularity of the appropriation. For the sum, they seem to have a standing rule. It is just \$2000 : certainly a very liberal allowance for dining so small a body of men, though they be aldermen, assistants, and mayor to boot.

Let us make a slight calculation of the expense per head—or rather the expense per belly. The seventeen wards choose seventeen aldermen and seventeen assistants—making thirty-four in all. Add the mayor, and—allowing he only counts one, the same as an alderman—you have a total of thirty-five. Divide \$2000 by thirty-five, and you have a quotient of \$57 and some odd cents : which

is just the expense per man, of the great patriotic dinner. But suppose we add to these chiefs, some of the underlings of the corporation—such as the clerks of the two boards, and the doorkeepers ; and even throw in the commissioner of the alms-house : the whole only amount to forty ; which being made the divisor of the \$2000, gives a quotient of just \$50 to each man.

What these gentlemen eat, or what they drink—never having had the honor to dine with them, we positively cannot inform our readers. But we think they will agree with us, that it must be a very capital dinner indeed, that costs *fifty dollars*.

If any reader should marvel how the corporation dare thus sport with the people's money—thus lavish it on themselves, even to the amount of a fifty-dollar dinner : we beg he will consider, for one moment, who our corporation are ; and, moreover, what remuneration they get for all their toils and exertions in the cause of the people. Like the members of the British Parliament, they re-



ceive no pay. The only emolument they get, is the honor and glory of being aldermen and assistants. If they could not, with all this patriotic sacrifice, vote themselves a grand dinner once a year, and now and then an extra lunch at the alms-house—as they are accustomed to do—their office, save in the receipt of honor and glory, would be an empty affair indeed. The mayor's duties are not so entirely gratuitous. His salary is \$3000.

Formerly that officer was chosen by the two boards. But the people, believing themselves to be as competent to the choice of a mayor as of common council, sent, one winter—some three or four years ago—post haste to Albany, and got their charter amended; since which they have been freemen in full.

Formerly, also, the common council consisted of only a single board, namely, the aldermen. The entire weight of our city affairs, rested on their shoulders—even to the eating, without assistants, of the great annual dinner. We never heard, however, that they complained of this. On the contrary, they bore

the burden patiently, and discharged their duty with all becoming diligence. We never heard, even, that they asked for any assistants, or demanded the aid of a second board. The first idea of providing them help, we believe, originated with the people. The aldermen, in fact, were so satisfied with their laborious duties, and so confident of their ability to discharge them without any aid, that they were quite scandalized at the idea of an additional board. They insisted upon continuing, as they had done, to bear all the burden, and take all the responsibility. But the people would not allow it. They had too much of the proper kind of feeling, to be willing to "work a free horse to death." You *shall* have assistants, said they; and to Albany they went, as usual, and obtained leave to erect a new board.

The mayor, aldermen, and assistants of New York, are chosen annually, on the 2d Tuesday of April; or to speak more properly, they begin to be chosen on that day; for they do not fairly succeed in getting in, until two days afterwards. So great an affair is an elec-

tion in the "empire state." Think of it, ye Bostonians who begin and end your elections on the same day. Think of it, ye Philadelphians, who get through with yours with the like expedition. What petty affairs must they be, and how slightly executed, when so short a time suffices for their completion. Come hither some leisure day, if you would see an election done up in magnificent style.

Such crowding!—such jostling!—such pushing!—such swearing!—you would suppose the whole thing were to be done in a single day, and that the freemen were pushing so to get in their votes, because they were pushed for time. No such thing. We have just said they have three days allowed them. But the truth is, the more they swear the less they do. It is not, as in Boston, "Walk up, Gentlemen! walk up, and deposite your votes!" But it is, "Keep them back, constable! keep them back! Dont let them *scrouge* up to the poll so!"

To get in 60 votes an hour, is a very thriving business in New York. Some wards, in-

deed, have exceeded it, where the presiding officers have been dexterous, and where there was very little challenging and less swearing. These are apt to take up a great deal of time ; especially in those very contested elections, where votes, that are even known to be legal, are disputed. Such was the case a year or two since, when the votes of Philip Hone and other distinguished citizens, who were born and had lived to a good old age in the city, were challenged. The privilege of challenge was designed to secure the purity of elections ; but in cases like the above named, it is rendered purely vexatious.

A further security against illegal votes is proposed by the requirement of an oath in disputed cases. How small is the value of this security, may be easily imagined, when we take into consideration, that the rogue who offers a false vote, is not very likely to be restrained by conscientious scruples from swearing it in. “ I woted this wery day in seven wards,” said a fellow, at a late election, “ and I ’sign to wote in all the ’tothers, to-morrow

and next day, if they'll o'ny pay me gine-rously."

"Pay you !"

"Yes : you don't think I'd trampoose about from poll to poll, for nothin, do you ?"

"How much do you get for each vote ?"

"Two shill'ns, and somethin to drink."

"Cheap enough too."

"I'll be hanged if 'taint. And yet it's better'n nothin. 'Tis'nt every man what's made fourteen shill'ns to day. Have you done't, mister ?"

"Indeed I have not. But how do you work it to get in so many votes ?"

"Oh, I swears 'em in."

Some honest citizens of New York have tried hard to obtain a law for the registry of voters : to obviate the necessity of challeng-  
ing, to do away with the profane practice of swearing, and at the same time secure the purity of elections. But such a law would prove ruinous to the trade in politics ; and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to pass.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CONDITION OF THE STREETS.

But let me scrape the dirt away.

JOHN GILPIN.

The condition of the streets, in a great city, is of very great importance, because on that condition depends the comfort and convenience of a great many persons. We will suppose, that of the 300,000 inhabitants of New York, only one tenth, on an average, are in the streets at a time : then there are, at once, 30,000 persons suffering annoyance if the condition of the streets be bad ; or enjoying their walks, their rides, and their business operations, if that condition be good.

“New York, I perceive”—said a gentleman the other day, scraping the mud from his boots—“still holds her own. She had, as far back as I can remember, the reputation of



being the dirtiest city in the Union ; and she maintains it still. I have been recently in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and several other cities ; but I have seen nothing in the way of foul streets, to compare with New York."

A preeminence in dirt ! This was more than we had looked for , more certainly than we desired to claim. A superiority in many other respects we would have contended for—nay insisted upon, were it with our last breath. In commerce we would have challenged comparison with all the other cities in the Union, in a lump. In wealth, in population, in theatres, in churches, in magazines, in newspapers, and in twenty other things, we would have asserted and maintained, *vi et armis*, our decided superiority. Even in the matter of streets, we would have claimed the longest, the broadest, and the handsomest. But for preeminence in dirt, it came not into our head, that our beloved city, our darling New York, had any thing wonderful to boast.

True, in former times, we knew wherea-

bouts she stood, on that score. We knew that she was as deep in the mud as any other city could be in the mire. The newspapers were full of the uncleanness of her ways. Children were said to have been buried alive in her miry depths.\*

\* The following appeared in a New York paper of 1829 :  
**LOST IN THE MUD.**

SCENE—ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF NEW YORK.

*Mother.* [*with a stick poking in the mud.*] Ah, me ! I'm sure he's hereabouts some where, the dear cratur, and if I ounly had a longer stick, so that I could poke down a little grain deeper, I should find the darling !

*Walker.* What have you lost, good woman ? [*lending the aid of his cane to assist in the search.*]

*M.* Och, bless your kind soul ! it's my swate little child, my darling Jemmy, that's lost in the mud.

*W.* A child lost in the mud, in the city of New York ? impossible ! The woman's crazy.

*M.* Ah, I'm sure he must be here—jist hereabouts, where I saw him trying to cross a minute ago—Och, the darling ! Jemmy ! Jemmy ! [*elevating her voice.*] Jemmy ! my darling, if you're under the mud, spake ! [*putting down her ear to listen.*]

*W.* How old was your boy ?

*M.* Och, indeed, he was but five years ould jist, come next Michaelmas, that is to be.

But this should hardly be taken for gospel. Some allowance should be made for the dis-

*W.* And do you think a child five years old could be lost in the mud here ?

*M.* Ah, what is there to hinder, sure ? And if you'll jist stick your cane down here, won't you light upon him ? Aisy, aisy, bless your heart, or may be you'll hurt the darling.

*Voice.* [*From below, somewhat smothered and indistinct.*] A little lower—there—there—a grain lower, and I can reach it.

*M.* Och, the darling ! there he is, sure enough. Don't try to talk, Jemmy, or may be you'll git your swate little mouth full o' mud.

*V.* [*Like one talking with a mouthful of mush.*] There, now, I've got hold of it—pull, now ! pull !

*M.* Yes, bless your kind heart, do pull !

*V.* Uts ! my hand has slipped—a little lower—there, I guess I can hold on with both hands. Now pull !

*M.* Ay, now pull !

*V.* Aisy ! Aisy !

*M.* Hold fast, Jemmy ! Och, my darling, there he comes ! Spet the mud out o' your mouth, Jemmy, and then thank the jontleman for hilping ye out. Lord love your swate soul, Mister, whoever you are, for saving my child. And Jemmy, my dear Jemmy, listen to your mother, and never try again to cross the streets of this blessed city, till you're big enough to hilp yourself out o' the mud, jist, my darling.

position of editors to exaggerate—to run into the forbidden fields of romance. But after all, it must be owned, that, until within a few years, New York was shamefully dirty. Even as late as the year '32, she had not greatly improved. The first thorough cleansing she ever had, was in the summer of that year; and for this cleansing the cholera is to be thanked.

Walter Bowne, the mayor of that year, having, while the cholera was on its way from Canada, issued his proclamation, forbidding its entrance into his domains: and the cholera, in its victorious march, having paid no regard to this paper prohibition; the fathers of the city began to bethink themselves of abating the fury and shortening the stay of that dread enemy, as much as possible, by divesting the city of that foul aliment on which the pestilence delights to feed.

They resolved to clean the streets; and the streets were cleaned. For the first time, within the memory of living man, the stones of the pavements every where showed their

heads. The rain had occasionally washed them bare, where its operations were assisted by a goodly descent towards the rivers on either side. But, in the more level streets, the stones, after having once been fixed by the pavior, rarely had shown themselves again to mortal eyes. In 1832, after the arrival of the cholera, they were first scraped and swept clean ; and the filth carted away.

Formerly there were no street scavangers. There was a law requiring each householder as often, we believe, as once a week to sweep before his own door ; not only the side-walk, but also half way across the street, where his opposite neighbor was to meet him. The dirt, swept in heaps, was to be carried away by the carts. What was the penalty for non-sweeping or non-carrying away, we do not recollect. But we well remember that the householders swept as often as they pleased ; and for the matter of being carried away, the dirt often remained in heaps for several days ; or rather the heaps were trodden and scattered about again ; and required to be swept

and collected anew. The result was as we have seen : the streets were never once perfectly cleansed.

How surprised, then, were the citizens of New York, in the summer of '32, to behold the tidiness of their streets. "Where in the world did all these stones come from?" said an old lady who had lived all her life in the city; "I never knew that the streets were covered with stones before. How very droll!"

But the cleanliness of New York, during that cholera summer, it must be confessed, was in part ascribable to the want of business and the scarcity of inhabitants: the first having almost entirely disappeared, and the latter in great numbers, by reason of the pestilence. Seventy-five thousand human beings, and several thousand horses, carts, and other vehicles, make a very considerable difference in the generation of street-dirt. Having been once, therefore, thoroughly swept and cleansed, it was comparatively easy to keep the streets



clean, until the return of the inhabitants and the revival of business.

“It is an ill wind that blows nobody good ;” a character which certainly cannot be fastened on the wind, which brought the cholera hither. Though New York had to lament the removal of 3,500 of her inhabitants, she had also to rejoice at the removal of many thousand loads of filth, which, but for the sweeping pestilence, might have remained to this day.

New York has never entirely relapsed into those abominably dirty habits, for which she was so long notorious. Her system of street management is improved. Regular scavengers are now employed ; and they may be seen, sometimes, busily engaged with their hoes and their brooms. It cannot strictly be said, therefore, in the language quoted at the beginning of this chapter, that “New York still holds her own” in the way of dirt—if this “own” refer to her possession of that article previous to the year 1832. She is, at least fifty per cent more tidy than she was previous to that date.

But she is still quite too much of a slattern. She ought to add another fifty per cent to her cleanliness, to render her anywise decent, and fit to receive strangers. When the Bostonians and the Philadelphians visit us, they should have no occasion to turn up their noses at our city while they stay, and “shake off the dust from their feet, as a testimony against us,” when they depart. They should not even have it in their power, in the language of honest Dogberry, to make “odorous comparisons” between their cities and ours.

As we are a great city: as we take the lead in commerce, gaiety, fashion, bustle, and the earliest foreign news: so we ought also to set the example of cleanliness and propriety, in all matters appertaining to the streets. Instead of its being said of any place, by way of opprobrium, “it is as filthy as New York,” we ought to give occasion to all respectable places to say, by way of self-commendation, “we are as clean as New York.” But if we cannot set the example of cleanliness to other cities, we ought not to be above taking it from them.

The fault of New-York lies not so much, at present, we believe, in the mode, as in the means, of keeping the streets in order. The fault is not so much in the street inspectors, as in those under whose orders they act. However attentive to their duties, however desirous to make clean their ways, they cannot do what they would, if money be wanting. The scavengers and the carters must be paid ; and the means must be provided by the common council. We cannot ask them to forego their annual two-thousand dollar dinner ; we cannot deprive them of the pleasure of an occasional lunch at the alms house ; for these are the only solid fruits of all their official toils and exertions. But we would just ask them to appropriate money enough to do, thoroughly, what they undertake to do ; and what the world shames them for not doing : that is, keep the streets clean—habitually clean—and thoroughly clean.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WATER AND OTHER LIQUIDS.

Why in quest  
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,  
Traverse th' extremest world?

PHILIPS.

Or water all the quorum ten miles round.

POPE.

THE story is well known of, that unfortunate Hibernian, who, being afflicted with a fever, “lay six weeks in the long month of August, spacheless, crying continually, ‘wather! wather! wather!’”

The cry of the citizens of New-York for water—“pure and wholesome water”—has been equally unceasing; but it has differed in several respects from that of the poor Irishman. Instead of being speechless they have cried aloud. And instead of confining

their cry to the month of August, or any other month, they have been clamoring for the whole year round, and for many years in succession. There is not perhaps in the Union a city more destitute of the blessing of good water than New-York.

The present supply, such as it is, comes from three sources, to wit : the town pumps, the Manhattan Company, and Knapp's spring. To this we should add a fourth source, namely, the clouds ; from which the chief supply for washing is obtained.

The town pumps are conveniently situated at the corners of the streets, every where throughout the city ; so that no person who is athirst, need perish for want of water, if he will take the trouble of walking the length of a square. If he stand in need of physic at the same time, the pump will furnish that also—without money and without price. Besides the virtue derived from the neighboring sinks, the pump-water is also impregnated with certain saline properties, which render it peculiarly efficacious in certain complaints.

Little less so is that—if we may judge from its peculiar hue and taste—which comes from the Collect ; and is called Manhattan water. This is ready pumped up to the people's hands, by the Manhattan Banking Company, which was chartered many years ago, for the purpose of supplying the city with “ pure and wholesome water.” Not that the people get it gratis, as they do the town pump beverage. But they can have it brought to their houses in pipes, on application to the Manhattan Company, and paying the regular price. The pumping up of this water from the depths of the Collect, is an expensive affair. It requires the constant employment of a powerful steam engine, and the constant operation of a still more powerful banking company ; which company is provided with a perpetual charter to issue bank bills and discount notes. By perpetual, meaning of course, as long as they shall keep the great steam pump in operation. With such an inducement to keep their stream of “ pure and wholesome water ” constantly running, it is not likely that this source will



soon fail. But "pure and wholesome" as it is, by the express terms of the charter, the people generally prefer that from the town pumps, except for the purposes of washing; and for that, most people use rain water.

The third source, namely Knapp's Spring, furnishes the only tolerable water in the city. This is conveyed about the streets in hogs-heads, and sold, we believe, at a penny a gallon. Small as this price seems, their supply of spring water, we are informed, costs some of the larger hotels more than \$300 each, per annum. The hotels, boarding houses, and respectable private families make use of this water for tea, coffee, and ordinary drink. The poor all resort to the street pumps.

Such is, such has been, and such is likely to be for some years to come, the condition of New York, in regard to the indispensable article of water.\* The great difficulty in sup-

\* What we have said above, of the New York supply of water, relates only to that for the domestic and ordinary uses of our citizens. The supply for the extinguishing of fires is derived chiefly from the Reservoir, at the corner of

plying the city properly—that is, plentifully and with a good article—is the very great distance from which it must be brought. Various projects have from time to time been started, examined, discussed, debated, and finally thrown aside as impracticable ; until very recently, when it was resolved, after a scientific survey of the river and the ground, and duly calculating the expense, to bring hither the waters of the Croton. For this purpose an act has been obtained of the legislature ; and if money can be raised, the water will probably be forthcoming, sometime within the life-lease of the present generation.

That part of the Croton river from whence the water is to be taken, is about forty-four miles, in a northerly direction, from the City Hall. The water is to be conveyed by a covered aqueduct of strong mason work, to

Thirteenth street and the Bowery. This water is forced up by steam, and distributed to the various parts of the city ; where hydrants are erected at every corner. This scheme of a supply against fires is of very recent date ; and is found of immense use : for which we give our worthy corporation all due praise.

a rise of land on the island, called Murray Hill ; from whence, by the force of its own gravity, it will distribute itself through all the streets and avenues of the city—as by the force of the same gravity, it is to be brought from the high ground of its fountain head to the great reservoir on Murray Hill. The length of pipe, required for the distribution, is estimated at 167 miles.

The amount of water, which the Croton will furnish, is set down at 30,000,000 gallons daily, in the driest times ; and 50,000,000 daily, in times of ordinary plenty. In the former case, the supply for each inhabitant, old and young, of our present population, would be 100 gallons a day ; in the latter, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$  gallons for the same time : a supply altogether sufficient, it is believed, to satisfy the desires of the most laborious water-drinker the city can afford ; besides leaving a surplus for all the convenient purposes of making tea, coffee, cleansing the outer man, and extinguishing fires.

The Croton water is found, by chemical analysis, to be exceedingly pure, and such as will prove highly agreeable to the tastes of all hydro-epicures—or such persons as value themselves on their connoisseurship in the article of “Adam’s ale.” Being pure, it cannot fail, also, of being soft—because hard water owes all its hardness to the foreign matters it contains ; especially those which have a hankering after alkali, and rob the soap of that ingredient—leaving on your hands those unctuous collections which are far more difficult of removal than the original soil itself. Thus free from impurities, the Croton water will be a great inducement to personal cleanliness. Having it, as they will, running pure into their very bedrooms, the citizens will find it an agreeable pastime, instead of a disgusting labor, to wash themselves of a morning. The Philadelphians, who visit New York, shall not then have occasion to make the invidious comparison, they now do, between their de-

lightful Schuylkill water and the vile slops wherewith our bedrooms are furnished.\*

All this, and more, we expect from the Croton water, when it gets to New York. But that *when*, we fear is a considerable way off. The expense will be enormous—no less, by estimate, than \$5,500,000. The labor will be immense. And large bodies, like our corporation, proverbially, move slow. Some years therefore, must elapse, before we shall be able to quench our thirst and lave our limbs in the pure waters of the Croton.

This delay is to be regretted on many accounts; and very particularly, as it will afford an excuse to many persons for continuing the excessive use of strong drink. The water is

\* The best water for washing, in New York, is that which comes from the clouds. And, indeed, nothing could be better, if you could catch it pure, as it falls. But in passing over the roofs of the houses, from whence it is conveyed to the cisterns, it contracts so much foulness from the coal-ashes and soot on the roofs, that its appearance is nearly as dark as ink, and its smell any thing but agreeable, as it comes in contact with your nose, in the operation of washing your face.

now so bad, they plead, that it is absolutely necessary to qualify it with a drop of ardent spirits, to render it potable. But a single drop will not suffice; and many drops, even to a full stream, are added to the cup.

To give the greater foundation for the excuse, and at the same time to render it more available, the principal toppers get their qualifying drops at those cheap resorts where rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey may be had for three cents per glass; and where the water is usually derived from the town-pumps.

What is the entire number of dram-shops in New York, we know not.\* But they may be found at almost every corner throughout

\* It will probably not be too high to estimate the whole number in the city at 2000. That will give on an average one shop to every 150 inhabitants. Deducting four fifths of these, for women and children, and there is just one shop to every 30 men. But with all this plentiful supply of drunkeries, there is nothing like the glorious times for the toper, which Smollett describes as existing in London in the days of George II. "At many houses," says that historian, "boards were set up to give public notice, that a person might get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, and be furnished with straw for nothing."



the city, and at almost every door of the buildings bordering on the North and East rivers. Besides those places devoted to the mere sale and swilling of liquors ; almost every grocery is likewise a dram-shop. Not only tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, butter and cheese are sold at these establishments ; but likewise ardent spirits of all sorts, by the gallon and the glass. And the trade in these latter articles is thought to be the most lucrative of the two.

But if the bad water is an excuse for drinking ardent spirits, the bad quality of the spirits should be a still stronger excuse for letting them alone.\* The world, perhaps, does not

\* Whether it is owing to the bad water, or the bad liquors, in New-York, that this city is so much more unhealthy than London, we are not able to say. But, if we may rely on the statement of Mr. Grant, the mortality in that metropolis is not so great, in proportion to the number of the inhabitants, by more than one third, as in the city of New-York. After pronouncing London to be "by far the healthiest metropolis in the world," he says, "the annual number of deaths in London is, in round numbers, 30,000." This, allowing its population to be what he states, namely, 2,000,000, gives only 1 death to about 66 inhabitants. The number

afford, nor has the brain of man conceived, more villanous mixtures than are constantly sold at the groceries and dram-shops of this city. Nay, for the matter of that, the hotels themselves are not much better. They purchase the liquors of the grocers—it may be the more respectable ones. But it is a part of the modern grocer's business to adulterate his liquors : and what he sells under the name of Cogniac, Jamaica, or Port, has as small a mixture of either of those liquors as can well be imagined.

The drinker pours into his stomach a vile compound, which, with its deleterious properties, tends to hasten the legitimate effect of alcohol, when taken to excess—namely, death ! He has not, in his last agonies, even the poor consolation of having got gloriously drunk, and lived and died glorious, on “ *good liquor.*” Such vile compounds, as are usually

of deaths in New York, during the year 1836, was 8009. The year before it was 7092. The average of these two years gives about 7550 ; or 1 death to about 40 inhabitants,

to be found, both at table and bar, no man of sound sense or good taste will ever drink.

The temperance society has effected something, in this city, in the way of banishing ardent spirits. But this is mostly in private families ; where wine, as well as spirits, has been turned out of doors. In these families, neither was used to excess ; and therefore its present banishment has effected no change of very great importance. It possibly may have prevented some temperate drinkers from becoming intemperate ones ; and if so, then has the effect been beneficial, But it can scarcely be considered a rational deed, for one man to abstain entirely from any comfort or enjoyment, merely because another man abuses it. Else should A abstain from the use of speech, because B is a blackguard, L a liar, and P a profane fellow.

Some individuals, as well as families, have been cured of the sin of moderate drinking. They have "signed off," and therefore are bound, under their hand, not to drink ; or they are religiously scrupulous on the subject,

and therefore abstain from drink, as a matter of conscience ; or they have come to the resolution to let it alone, because they know it to be injurious to their pocket, and believe it may prove detrimental to their health, and perhaps to life itself. But some of this class have carried their reformation so far as to eschew, in like manner, tea, coffee, chocolate, fine wheat bread, butter, cheese, roast beef, mutton chop, and all kinds of animal food. Some of these last remarkable abstinents—who supposed they had discovered the *elixir vite*—the secret of perpetual youth and health—and of living when all their friends were dead—have since, poor fellows ! become food for worms : and their system of living—commonly called *Grahamism*, from the Rev. Sylvester Graham, who first taught it here, five or six years ago—is now, we believe, very much fallen into disrepute.

The cure of immoderate drinkers, here, as elsewhere, has seldom been achieved ; and in the reformation of moderate drinkers far less has been effected than in country towns.

The fear of public opinion, which influences so many in the country, and especially in a village, has very little effect here. The population here is too numerous for every man to oversee his neighbor; to observe what he is about; and to report proceedings to the leading and influential members of the community. Here most persons—office-seekers excepted,—do as they please; and eat and drink what they please, or what they can get; holding themselves amenable to the law only, and caring very little about their neighbor's opinion.

In speaking of other liquids besides water—whereof the number used as beverage is pretty large—we must not forget tea, coffee, wine, and beer. There are few, or no families in New York, where the former are not drunk, such as they are; the coffee in the morning and the tea at night. It is not so easy spoiling the latter by any process of making; and therefore it is, in general, quite possible to drink it. We cannot say as much for the liquid called coffee. It is, in most

cases, triply ruined : first, in the burning, secondly, in the boiling ; and finally in the mixture therewith, of that very doubtful liquid denominated milk.

Wine in New York is better ; and, if we except that compound called Port, is the best liquor in the city. The Madeira is very fine ; as even those most grumbling and fastidious of guests—the British journalists—acknowledge. The author of “Men and Manners” ascribes this to the wine being placed “in the attics, where it is exposed to the whole fervor of the summer’s heat and severity of the winter’s cold,” instead of being kept, as in England, “in a subterraneous vault.”

The Claret in New York is also good. So are the Sherry and the Champagne. Of the latter and of Madeira large quantities are drunk. The sound-headed old wine-drinkers prefer the Madeira ; the dashing young blades choose Champagne. Whether it is, that their heads will bear it better ; or that they can expend upon it more money at a



sitting ; or that they can have it to say, they drank so *many bottles* ; or, lastly, that, it is more agreeable to their natures, because it contains more wind : which of these reasons, or whether they all, operate in producing the effect ; certain it is, that the younger gentry of this city—do, occasionally, pour down amazing quantities of Champagne. How often they are cheated by a substitution of bottled cider, it matters not to say. The remark of Othello,

“He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,

Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all,”

is as true in regard to this same substitution as to that of any cheatery we know of. As long as the wine-bibber fancies himself to be drinking Champagne, it is all the same to him—except the headache which follows—that being about fifty per cent less. Exchange is truly no robbery here, except in them atter of the headache ; which were it not for the name of the thing, might as well be omitted altogether, in the pleasures of drinking Champagne.

As last, but not the least agreeable among our vinous liquors, may be mentioned the fine cider that comes from the orchards of New Jersey. That state has been long famous for her manufacture of good cider, and the dinner-tables of the most sensible citizens of New York, give very sparkling, and agreeable evidence that the fame of our neighbor across the Bay is founded in justice and good taste.

The last beverage we shall touch upon is beer; a liquid we very seldom touch at all, and should not do so now, except for the purpose of the present work. This liquid—under the names of porter and ale—is much drunk in this city; especially in the cold season. Small beer is not unfrequently substituted in the summer.

The taste for the strong article, is on the increase. The number of Bonifaces who make it their meat, drink, and lodging, is already very great. Some have abandoned ardent spirits, and taken to beer. And some, having at first taken to beer have taken to lit-

tle else, from that day to this. They grow fat upon it; and it will soon be as common to see burly Americans, as burly Englishmen. Others drink beer moderately, taking only an occasional glass, to strengthen the outer, and revive the inner man. On the whole, the love of beer, so far as we are able to discover, is, of the two, a lesser evil than the love of ardent spirits. If it puts the toper asleep—as it is very apt to do—so much the better: he will not drink any more until he wakes again.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FIRES AND FIREMEN.

No one can be twenty-four hours in New York without hearing the alarm of fire.—HAMILTON.

The crackling flames appear on high ;  
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Fire ! fire ! fire ! Turn out ! turn out !

EVERY-DAY CRY.

AMONG the novelties of New York, there is nothing perhaps which strikes a stranger with more surprise than the frequency of fires. There is scarcely a day from January to July, and from July to January, when there is not an alarm—a cry of fire—and a ringing of bells. But a single alarm, for each day in the year, would be too low an average. To say the bells are rung and the firemen called out, five hundred times in the three hundred

and sixty-five days, would not exceed the truth.

Some of these numerous alarms, indeed, are false ; and others are raised for very trivial causes. The boys will sometimes set up a cry of fire out of mere mischief, or for the pleasure of running after, or helping to drag, the engines. Other alarms are raised from the burning of a foul chimney, where no injury is done or likely to be done. Others again arise from the actual catching fire of some building ; which, however, taken in the commencement, is extinguished with a bucket of water.

But after making all due allowances, the number of alarms, founded on good and sufficient cause, is astonishingly great. Many of the fires, though small, and capable of being extinguished with very little water, nevertheless require the aid of an engine, because they are so situated that they cannot be reached with bucket in hand. For these, a single engine will suffice. Others, having made greater progress, require two, or more

engines. While others—owing to the rapid spread of the flames, the height of the buildings, the narrowness of the streets, or other causes favoring the conflagration—demand the aid of all the firemen, with all their means of arresting the mischief.

Such was the great fire in Ann Street, on the 4th of August, 1835; and such, above all, was that most disastrous one, on the 16th of December, of the same year. In the first of these, the difficulty of extinguishing the flames, arose principally from the exceeding height of many of the buildings; which, being elevated to six stories, defied the force of the most powerful engines to reach them effectually; at least to convey water to the upper stories in such quantity as should not rather excite the flames, than extinguish them.

The progress of the GREAT FIRE, of the 16th of December, was owing to several causes, which had never before occurred in combination, and are not likely again to meet for a long time to come. The mischief first commenced in a high building, in a narrow street.



But the firemen were on the ground, with their usual alacrity, and before the flames had made any very extensive progress. But their engines were out of order; and this was the first great cause of the succeeding disaster. On the morning previous, they had been employed at a large fire; and the weather being excessively cold, there was much ice collected in the hose, and the pipes: so that very little water could be received or delivered by them; and that little not with sufficient force, to have much effect on a large fire and a high building.

While the flames were fast getting ahead, owing to the condition of the engines, these were continually getting worse and worse, in consequence of the increasing severity of the weather; until at length they became, in a great measure, useless; and nearly all effort to arrest the flames by their means, was abandoned. The firemen, unable to be of service in their proper capacity, were employed in saving goods and merchandize from the stores which were next to be burnt.

But even these efforts in many instances, availed not. The goods, though supposed at first to be removed out of the reach of harm, not being carried, as it turned out, to a sufficient distance, were finally destroyed by the flames ; and all the labor of their removal—in some instances twice over—was utterly thrown away.

The first great cause of the progress of the fire, as we have hinted, was the unfortunate condition of the engines. But when it had once got the power into its own hands, it seemed to deride the vain efforts of man ; to “ laugh at his calamity, and mock when his fear came.” Never was there a more striking illustration of the truth of the latter clause of that saying, which, having pronounced fire to be “ a good servant,” also declares it to be “ a hard master.” On that occasion it mastered all opposition. Contrary to the course of ordinary fires, it seemed to pay no regard to the winds, but ran as well against them, as along with them. It spread east, west, north, and south at the same time. While one di-

vision of its flames, was marching towards the East River, another was proceeding towards Broad-street, another to Wall, and so on.

People on all sides were in the utmost consternation. Terror and dismay sat on every face. Despair was in all men's words and actions. A species of insanity, in many instances, prevailed. Costly and valuable articles were destroyed, to save them from the flames ! One man—a military character, and now a hero in Texas—proposed to blow up the City Hall, standing alone in the Park, to stop the progress of the flames below Wall-street, at half a mile's distance !

Gunpowder was finally employed, and probably with some advantage. Several stores were blown up, in the neighborhood of the fire, so as to occasion a vacancy in the line of buildings where the flames were progressing. The effect of the powder on these stores was very surprising, to those who had never seen a similar explosion. Instead of the fragments being blown upwards, and all around to a great distance, as people expected ; the en-

tire buildings, on the powder being fired, settled quietly down into their own cellars; and the spectators, who had run from the danger, found they had been frightened without any cause.

The blowing up of these stores, as we have said, had probably some effect in arresting the progress of the fire; particularly towards Broad street. A bound was put to it in Wall street, by great exertions in keeping constantly wet such of the exposed parts of the buildings, on the upper side of that street, as were combustible. While to the east, it was only arrested by the river itself.

Some persons, however, were puzzled to understand why the fire, on the whole, ceased to rage so soon as it did; they were rather disposed to ascribe it to the mere weariness and exhaustion of that element. If so, it had abundant reason to be satisfied with its exertions; having destroyed, in its whole progress, 654 stores, shops, houses, and public buildings—including that expensive edifice, the Merchants' Exchange, in which was the Post

Office, and the fine statue of Hamilton by Chantry.

During the progress of this fire, the blacks proved that they could be grateful for exertions made in favor of their oppressed race. A large number of them ran to the store of Arthur Tappan—a leading abolitionist—and exerted themselves faithfully, until his valuable stock of goods was completely rescued from the flames, and conveyed to a place of safety.

The amount of property, real, and personal, destroyed at this fire, was estimated—after a careful examination by a committee appointed for that purpose—at the round sum of \$17,000,000. The loss at the fire in Ann street was computed at nearly \$1,000,000. Other fires, during that year, of which the number was large and the result disastrous, are supposed to have raised the whole amount, for the twelve months, to very near *twenty millions of dollars*.

We have hinted at the surprise of strangers at the frequent cries of fire in this city. They are very often alarmed too, as well as sur-

prised; and fancy from the hideous outcry of the boys and the rueful jangling of the bells, that the fire is close to, if not within their very lodgings; and that New York is, every day, on the very verge of a general conflagration.

To this alarm, the bells very much, perhaps needlessly, contribute. As soon as an alarm of fire is given, they fall to ringing in all quarters, with great zeal and force; and some of them continue their clamor for a considerable time after the danger is past; or after the alarm is ascertained to be a false one. The first in the field, the most vigorous in action, and the last to quit, is the bell of the Middle Dutch Church. Who the ringer of that bell is, we know not; but this we will aver, that he labors with a zeal and perseverance that are quite astounding. We fancy he, now and then, gets up in his sleep to exercise his vocation. At any rate, whether asleep or awake, he seems to have a remarkable fondness for pulling at the end of a rope.



The number of fire companies in New York, of all kinds, is 64. Of these, 49 are engine companies ; 9, hook-and-ladder ; and the remaining 6, hose. Each of these consists of 26 men, which is the requisite number to form a full company. In addition to these, they are permitted to accept of the services of volunteers ; who, however, are not entitled to any of the privileges belonging to the regular firemen. All they can claim, is the pleasure of turning out at every cry of fire ; and aiding to draw and work the engines.

The regular firemen, as a remuneration for all their toils, dangers, loss of sleep, exposure to heat, cold, and wet, and various expenses in the service of the public, for the space of seven years, are exempted from military, and from jury, duty ; not only during those seven years, but for the rest of their lives. This exemption, of course, is only available as long as they continue inhabitants of the State of New York ; other states not being bound to the fulfilment of obligations contracted by their sister state.

This is but a small compensation for all their toil and exposure ; to say nothing of the great loss of time, which can scarcely be considered of less value than \$100 per annum to each fireman ; amounting to \$700 during the seven years. With so inconsiderable an offset for all their exertions, there must surely be much of public spirit in the young men composing the fire companies, to induce them to enter upon, and persevere in this arduous public duty.

That there is among them much of the *esprit du corps*, is very certain : some pretty strong proofs of it having been given last year, when James Gulick, their popular Chief Engineer, was removed from office by the Common Council, and Mr. Riker, appointed in his stead. They were engaged at a large fire, when news of this change was brought them : and touched with anger, or disgust, or both, they suddenly abandoned their engines, and following their leader, gave up a valuable block of buildings to the flames ; nor could they be induced to return, until Mr.

Gulick, at the instance of the mayor, intreated them to resume their duties, and himself led them back to extinguish the flames.

Having done this, they resigned by whole companies ; and New York was, for several weeks, in a very exposed situation, for want of an efficient fire department.

But the ex-firemen did not suffer the heat of their resentment to cool, with the bare act of resignation. On the contrary, they carried the war into the enemy's camp—i. e. the camp of the party to which the common council belonged. At the fall election, they organized a strong band ; and, since they could not have Gulick for Chief Engineer of the fire department, they determined he should be Register of the city and county of New York. They were indefatigable in procuring him votes ; and the result was, that he was raised to the office of Register, by a very large majority ; and that in opposition to a party which had almost invariably kept the rule of the city, for many years. In the

room of an office worth \$1,200, of which the corporation deprived him, he was elevated to one worth \$20,000.

The fire companies are composed of young men mostly between the ages of 20 and 30. They are clerks and mechanics ; but a majority of the latter. Their alacrity in turning out at every alarm of fire, is very remarkable ; and the ambition of the different companies to be first on the ground and to exert themselves most strenuously when there, induces to the most efficient operations.

Exerting themselves so much for the public good with so little compensation, they fancy they have some claims to select their chief engineer ; and though by the law, the appointment lies with the common council, the firemen think *their* views and feelings might at least be consulted by the members of that honorable body. Perhaps it were a matter, no less of policy than of courtesy, to do so : more especially, as such vast interests and such important consequences depend upon the cheer-

ful activity and cordial exertions of the firemen, in discharge of their almost thankless duty.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PUBLIC SQUARES.

Together let us beat this ample field,  
Try what the open what the covert yield.—POPE.

THE number of public squares, in New York, we believe does not much exceed ten. And, as the number is remarkably small, so, in the case of several of them, is the size remarkably contracted. The first settlers, when land was abundant and cheap, seem never to have dreamed of setting aside any for the sole use, behoof, and comfort of the citizens in general. And since land began to grow scarce and dear, it has been accounted too valuable to be thrown open, in any great quantity, to the public use.

To do our corporation justice, however, they have provided some noble squares—at least what we must call noble, in this cis-At-



lantic country, where, certain European writers say, every thing degenerates, and appears comparatively on a small scale. Whether it is on this principle of degeneracy, that our Park is so contracted an affair in comparison with St. James's, in London : and that our other public squares are so inferior to those of that great metropolis ; we shall not pretend to decide. But happy are we to say—nay, thrice happy—that, in this land-speculating age, we have any public squares, whatever, to set our feet upon. Why, the temptation to sell them is so great, that we marvel exceedingly that the fathers of the city have not, ere this, cut the Park and Battery into building lots and set them to sale at the auction room of Bleecker and Sons.

The whole space of ground occupied by the public squares of New York, may be about 60 acres. The Park and Battery contain, each, somewhat more than 10 acres. Washington Square, Tompkins Square, and Stuyvesant Square, have, each, probably about the same amount. These are the

largest. Other petty patches of ground, denominated squares, contain, some, one acre, some a half, and some a fourth of an acre.

These squares are of all manner of shapes, except that of a figure having four equal sides and four right angles. In other words, though called squares by courtesy, they are, in fact, no squares at all. Some of them are oblong rectangles, as the Washington Square, the Tompkins Square, and so forth. Others are triangles, as the Park, and some minor pieces. While the Bowling Green is an elipsis; and the Battery, very much in the shape of a quarter section of the rim of a modern hat.

The Bowling Green was formerly an oblong square; and previous to the revolution was called "the parade." There stood the statue of his most gracious majesty, George II., which the people, at the commencement of the revolution, dragged through the streets; and finally converted its leaden materials into bullets, to be shot at the soldiers of his grandson and successor, George III.

A large part of the ground, where the Bat-

tery now is, originally belonged to the domains of old Neptune ; and, not many years since, boats used to ply and the finny tribes swim, where now trees grow and human feet tread.

This is the most delightful public ground in the city—perhaps in any city of the United States. It is agreeably laid out and diversified, with plots of grass, and gravel walks ; beautified and rendered shady and pleasant, by the weeping willow, the elm, the sycamore, and other trees. Seats are also provided for the weary, or for those who wish to lounge and look abroad leisurely over the spacious bay, the neighboring islands, and the shores of New Jersey. It is perfectly delightful,

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot,”

To take a station on the Battery, of a summer afternoon, and watch the vessels of all kinds, as they glide by, from the light skiff to the enormous steamboat, and from the fishing smack with its single sail, to the merchant ship with its thousand yards of canvass. It is charming to witness so busy a scene of life,

and commerce, and pleasure, on the quiet bosom of the waves. It is pleasant to hear, from the water, the sailor's merry "Yo ! heave O !" as he hoists the sail or heaves the anchor. Even the playing of a porpus, or the floating of a bit of wood, or a straw, on the wave, affords agreeable pastime, on a pleasant summer's day ; when the mind is at ease ; when the dinner has been good ; and when the notes are all paid, and " something over."

It is a pleasant sight, of a Sunday, after the last church, and just at the approach of sunset, to behold the crowds of people on the Battery ; crowds of both sexes and every age, but more particularly the young and light-hearted ; all in their Sunday's best ; gay in heart, clean in person, and decent in attire. There walks the bonnie lad and his more bonnie lassie. There walks the mother with her children. And there walk the industrious classes, who, escaped from the busy toils of the week, seize upon this only hour of recreation.

This is emphatically the *people's* ground. Debarred, as the great body of them are, from many of the pleasures and comforts of life enjoyed by the wealthy ; and especially confined to narrow limits in their houses ; they are glad to escape, once a week, from their crowded quarters and the unwholesome air of their apartments, to stretch their cramped limbs, and to breathe freely the delightful air of the Battery, where they are placed on a footing of equality with the richest of their neighbors.

But pleasant as it is, to the just and well-disposed, thus to behold the people enjoying themselves and taking their share of a common benefit, there are persons who seem to grudge them this share, even though it be claimed but once a week. They would, if it were in their power, banish them from the public walks. They are particularly offended that the common people should presume to appear on that delightful promenade, the Battery. "It is so very vulgar," say these aristocrats, "to be seen walking in the same

grounds with mechanics, house-servants, and laboring people !” And so, because the mass of our citizens have the good sense and good taste to be as happy as their circumstances will admit ; a few persons, actuated by a silly pride, exclude themselves from an enjoyment from which they have not the power to exclude others.

That charming promenade, called St. John’s Park, appears to be as exclusive as the most fastidious could desire. Belonging, we believe, to certain persons connected with St. John’s Church, its gates are entirely closed to the public ; and only open to the proprietors, their families, and their particular friends. The Bowling Green, with its shady trees—and its beautiful verdure, is still more exclusive than St. Johns’ Park ; for it not only excludes the rabble, but every body else.

As for the newer squares, they appear as yet no better than mere vacant lots : being vacant, indeed, of every thing that is attractive ; and destitute alike of every living vegetable, whether tree, shrub, grass, or flower.



But these promenades are new ; and doubtless, in twenty years from this time, with due care and attention, will be very agreeable places of resort.

The chief military parade ground is Washington Square, in front of that fine Gothic structure, the University of New York. There the militia of this great city display their skill in arms. There the volunteer companies exhibit their fine uniforms, their full equipments, and their knowledge in the art of *pacific war*. There also the "slabs," in their dresses of all sorts, with their arms and accoutrements of all kinds, are dragged on muster days, to share the glory of the volunteers.

But military tactics are not confined to Washington Square. The Park is at all times a parade ground, whether for small squads or large ones ; whether for volunteers or "slabs." The Battery is more exclusive : being merely used, as a parade, on some grand anniversary occasion, or other great public display. Lafayette was received there, in 1824, with military honor ; so was General

Jackson, in 1833, when the bridge from Castle Garden broke under the weight of glory that pressed upon it, both in the person of the venerable chief, and in that of his now successor to the Presidential chair. Indeed the Battery is the place where all great men from abroad are received, whether with military, or any other species of public display.

It is there also that the 4th of July is principally glorified. There floats the American banner, with its thirteen stripes and twenty-six stars, on a staff an hundred feet high. There the great guns are fired, at sunrise, at noon, and at the decline of day. And there troops of men and women, of girls and boys, stand, the whole day through, in crowds, to behold the troops of the military and listen to the sharp voice of the musketry, and the deep tone of the cannon.

The Battery, as we have said before, is emphatically the people's ground. And though no man is allowed, in a civil and peaceable manner, to stretch himself on the grass "underneath the sheltering shade of the

umbrageous trees ;” but is immediately disturbed in his meditations by some Battery policeman who bids him instantly get up, lest he should rumple the grass ; nevertheless the soldiery, who are of the people and from the people, are at least once every year allowed the privilege of riding over, trampling down, and utterly treading up, all the small herbage which, at great expense and labor, have been induced to take root there during the twelve previous months.

## CHAPTER XX.

### PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Lo ! all in silence, all in order stand,  
And mighty folios first, a lordly band ;  
Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain ;  
And light octavos fill a spacious plain :  
See yonder ranged in more frequented rows,  
A humbler band of duodecimos ;  
While undistinguished trifles swell the scene,  
The last new play and frittered magazine.—CRABBE.

THE citizens of New York have evidently not forgotten that “knowledge is power,” as any man may convince himself, who will take the trouble to glance at the various libraries in this city. We do not speak of private collections of books, nor of those owned by particular individuals and loaned out for the public use, denominated circulating libraries. We shall only take notice of some of the principal collections belonging to public associations,

The first of these in point of age, as well as in number of volumes, is the New York Society Library. It was founded while we were yet in the colonial state, and 21 years before the commencement of the revolution, namely, in 1754. It began with about 700 volumes. The price of a share was \$12,50, subject to an annual tax of \$1,50. In 1792, during the administration of Governor Tryon, the society was incorporated. It was just beginning to flourish—to increase in numbers and to add to its stock of books—when the war broke out; and while the British had possession of New York, the principal part of the books were scattered or destroyed. The project, however, was revived soon after the peace; and the library is now among the most valuable in the character, as well as number of its books, to be found in the United States. It contains more than 25,000 volumes. The price of a share is now \$25, and the annual tax \$4.

The next, in number of volumes, is the clerk's library, a collection belonging to the

merchants' clerks, united together under the name of the Mercantile Library Association. This library was founded in the year 1821, by the union of a few clerks who thought they could devote their leisure hours more profitably, if not more agreeably, to books than to the theatres, ball rooms, and other fashionable amusements. They began by uniting their own little collections with such books as they could get together by way of donation. Thus a few hundred volumes were collected, which have since been increasing in number, chiefly by means of the subscriptions of members and by an annual tax, until they now amount to more than 13,500 : enabling the Mercantile Library to rank as the tenth, in point of numbers in the United States.

The increase in 1836, was 1845 volumes ; and the number of members added during the same year was 867. The whole number of members is now about 3,500. The initiation fee is \$1 ; and the annual tax \$2, payable by quarterly instalments of 50 cents each. To



the library is added a reading room, furnished with all the most valuable periodical literature of the day.

Merchants are allowed all the privileges of the library and the reading room, by paying an annual subscription of \$5. And so far they are considered members but they are not allowed the privilege of voting.

The sole management of the concern belongs to the clerks ; who, not far from the first of January, elect their officers for each year, and hear the report of those entrusted with the rule for the year preceding.

About the time of the election, there is usually a good deal of stir among the clerks, and no little show of party spirit. The contending factions publish their respective nominations in the newspapers, and electioneer with a warmth, a spirit and vigor, which might excite the envy of much older politicians.

The principal point of dispute between them is, generally, in relation to the character of the books which shall be purchased : one party

accusing the other of a design to exclude all the attractions of romance ; and the other party retorting the accusation.

But these charges, we are told, are got up on each side chiefly for electioneering purposes ; and that there is in reality little difference of opinion between the parties as to the character of the books which shall be added to the library. A large majority, on both sides, we are informed are in favor of a "considerable sprinkling" of works of fiction : and though the most valuable scientific and literary works constitute the solid dishes and the principal repast of the readers, nevertheless very few of them would be satisfied without a desert composed of lighter materials.

But whatever the motive, real or apparent, which annually excites so much warmth and gives such vigor to the electioneering spirit, no sooner are the officers chosen for the year, than all party animosity is buried in the more important concern of advancing the interests of the association and increasing the library, both in the value of its works and the number

of its volumes. Having exercised the invaluable right of suffrage ; and having either beaten their opponents, or acknowledged themselves beaten ; the members of the different parties, leaving the management of affairs to “the powers that be,” go home and quietly read their books, and trouble their heads no more with the excitements of party matters, until the next annual election.

Connected with the association of clerks is the Clinton Hall Association—a corporate body, composed of some of the first merchants in the city, united for the laudable purpose of aiding the clerks in their efforts for intellectual improvement. Clinton Hall, in which are the library, reading, and lecture rooms, is the property of this association ; and, besides the use of these rooms being granted rent free, the income of the stores and such other parts of the building as are let out on rent, all goes to the Mercantile Library, to increase its stock of books. This source—as soon as some arrears of expense for building are paid—will, we are assured, amount to lit-

tle less than \$5000 ; which, with the income from subscription and assessments of members, will give to the Mercantile Library Association an income of more than \$10,000 a year ; all of which, laid out in books, will cause their collection to increase more rapidly than perhaps any other library in the United States.

Next to the Mercantile Library in number of volumes, and not inferior to it in point of usefulness, is the Apprentices Library. It was founded in the year 1820, and has now upwards of 12,000 volumes. This library is the property of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, a benevolent association formed in 1784, thirty-six years before the establishment of the library. The initiation fee, for members of this society, is \$10 ; and \$12 more, paid in four annual instalments of \$3 each—or \$20, paid in the beginning—constitutes a man a life member.

The books of this library are loaned to mechanics' apprentices—for whose use alone it is intended—free of all expense ; their mas-

ters engaging to become responsible for the safe return of the books. Nothing could be more noble and generous than this provision of the mechanics and tradesmens' society. Of all persons in the world, apprentices are apt to be the most destitute of books, when left to their own resources. How great then the importance—how benevolent the object—of an institution, which provides a remedy for so great a want.

Apprentices are inclined to read—at least a large proportion of them are so—if the means are furnished them : as any one may be convinced, who will step into their library of an evening (the only time it is open) ; where he will behold the pleasing sight of hundreds of boys, from 12 years old and upwards, in humble apparel, but all eager to obtain books, and warm in their desires for intellectual improvement.

There are several other public libraries in this city, the largest of which is that belonging to the New York Historical Society, founded in 1809, and containing upwards of

10,000 volumes. That of the American Institute, established in 1828, contains about 3,000 volumes; and that of the Law Institute, founded in the same year, upwards of 2,000.

The Mechanics' Institute, founded in 1831, has a library of about 1,200 volumes. One work, belonging to this collection, cost \$800. It is Denon's great work on Egypt, consisting of 24 large folio volumes, illustrated with a great number of very expensive engravings. The other works belonging to this library are mostly valuable scientific and literary works, particularly calculated for the association to which they belong. This institute has an annual course of lectures, on various subjects connected with improvement in science and the mechanic arts.

These are the principal public libraries in New York; and are all of exceeding value and importance, both in the materials of which they are composed and the objects to which they are devoted. But in this latter respect—as will be gathered from what we have said above—there are none of them that



we think of such high importance as those of the apprentices and the clerks : inasmuch as these afford reading and improvement to those who could not well obtain them by other means ; besides furnishing an inducement to the avoidance of evil company, and to the cultivation of habits of correct thought and useful study.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### HOAXES.

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given.—MOORE.

THE citizens of New York possess, in common with those of other cities and with the world in general, a pretty large portion of that species of intellectual weakness called hoaxability. People of all sorts and in all countries, from ancient down to modern times, seem to have invited deception—to have given it a hearty welcome—to have been fond of it, as of their daily food.

Some hoaxes—if we may so call that particular species of deception—have been played off, from good motives and for useful purposes. Such was that of Numa Pompilius, the wise and good king of Rome, in relation to his pretended intercourse with the goddess Egeria ;

whereby he greatly softened the rude natures, improved the morals, and polished the manners of his semi-barbarous subjects. Other lawgivers, in the first institutions of society, have also practiced deceptions, as well for the benefit, as for the more convenient management, of the people : pretending to derive their information and their authority directly from heaven.

For a like purpose of governing the populace, but not always with equally commendable motives, the priests have played off their hoaxes, not only among the pagans of antiquity, but likewise among the christians of more modern times. Hence the pretended miracles and prodigies with which the world has been filled, and the multitude deceived and led astray.

Hoaxes, as we have them in very modern times, are the result of different motives. Some of them are practiced for the purpose of good-natured sport, or innocent deception ; but far the larger number are got up for the purpose of making money—of picking the pockets of the credulous. Such, for the most part, are

all the notable inventions of quack medicines the "drops," the "pills," the "balms," the "balsams," and the thousand "infallible specifics," with which the world is filled; and such are the puffs, and advertisements, and certificates of cures, with which they are recommended to the public.

A great city affords a very rich field for the hoaxer's harvest. There are abundant materials to be wrought upon. Folly, credulity, and ignorance are rife. The hoaxability is catching. And, provided it be skilfully and prudently managed, will continue to prevail very much in proportion to the number and density of the population.

The chief hoaxes that have for some years been played, in New York—and the only ones deserving of particular notice—are the great Joice Heth hoax and the great Moon hoax. These were both "brought out," as they say of a new piece at the theatre and a new miss in good society—in the summer of 1835.

The inventor of the Joice Heth affair was, originally, a Connecticut Yankee. He first

taught a school ; but finding that not sufficiently agreeable, or not sufficiently lucrative, he next turned his attention to law, which he practiced for a while in the interior of this state. Not finding the law, any more than teaching, quite suited to his peculiar genius and taste, he resolved to bring himself before the people in a more imposing light. He saw that the multitude were ignorant and gullible, fond of rare sights, and marvellous exhibitions. Hereon he laid his plan.

Finding, very fortunately, in one of the slave-holding states, a miserable piece of frail mortality, in the shape of an old female negro, who had been blind and bedridden for many years ; he purchased, or by some means took her off the hands of her owner, or of the public, to whom she had long been a burden.

But miserable and worthless as she was, for all the valuable purposes of life, old Joice was the very thing her new proprietor wanted. A hale young negro would not have suited his design. It was not only requisite that she should be withered and old ; but that her age

should appear to have surpassed that of any person since the days of the patriarchs. To favor this part of the hoax, her bodily appearance and infirmities were excellently fitted. Her nails were especially calculated to promote the deception ; having, through her long blindness and infirmity, not been pared for many years, until they had grown out to the length and shape of eagles' claws.

A hundred and sixty years, and upwards, were fixed upon to constitute her age. But a piece of African mortality, even of that excessive age, would excite comparatively little interest, unless some other extraordinary circumstance should be connected with her history. And here the ingenuity of the inventor was exhibited in a remarkable degree, in connecting the name of Washington with that of old Joice Heth. To make her the nurse of George Washington, was the *ne plus ultra* of skilful invention. What ! to have carried in her arms and nourished at her breast the father of his country, the idol and the glory of the American people ! She was, indeed,



somewhat old for a nurse—being nearly sixty when Washington was born. But that was not to be helped, for two very good reasons : in the first place, nothing less than one hundred and sixty years would do for her age ; and in the second, no other man's nurse would carry with her such a halo of glory as the nurse of Washington. Besides a discrepancy—an anachronism—of twenty or thirty years is nothing, in cooking up a great hoax—where the very magnitude of the whole deception prevents people from scanning very minutely its several parts.

Being so well provided for, in personal appearance, in age, and in honorable connections ; the next and the only remaining requisite, to make a proper heroine out of the miserable old Joice, was to furnish her with a due stock of piety. It would not do for the nurse of George Washington to be less than pious—and very eminently and devoutly so. She was therefore made a member of the church ; not indeed of the Episcopal and favorite church of Washington—but of the

Baptist—which having more members than any other in the United States, it was thought would turn out the most profitable.

The only remaining requisite now was, to prepare vouchers as to the genuine age of old Joice : and to instruct her properly in all the lessons of deception, piety and church-membership included. This was a somewhat difficult task : for Joice was old, stupid, obstinate, and hard to learn. She had, besides, a dreadful habit of swearing, which militated very much against her piety. It was with great difficulty she could be cured of this profane habit ; which was inclined every now and then, to break out long after her character for piety was established, and required the utmost attention of her keepers properly to restrain and hold in due subjection.

After much instruction and many rehearsals, old Joice was at length prepared for exhibition. The pulse of the public, we believe, was first felt at Cincinnati. Finding it beat well for the project in that distant extremity, the inventor drew nearer to the heart. He

tried Philadelphia. There he began to be astonished at his own success. The manufactured certificates were published, and everybody believed in their genuineness; for who could doubt a long list of certificates, signed—actually signed—with men's names? The newspapers were hoaxed, and in their turn helped to hoax the public.

The fame of old Joice Heth—the pious Joice—the almost antedeluvian Joice—the nurse of Washington himself—quickly reached New York. People were all agog to behold so wonderful a sight. They were all eager to partake of so very delicate a dish—cooked up with such amazing skill to suit the popular palate. In due time they were gratified. New York was too large and too rich a field not to be made the principal scene of the grand deception.

Arrived here, the miserable piece of bed-ridden mortality was visited by all classes. The papers were filled with her excessive age, her devout piety, her interesting connection with the family of Washington. Old Joice

Heth was in every body's mouth. They talked for a while of nothing else. The Italian opera—the theatre in general—even the weather itself—was forgotten. The first question was, "Have you seen Joice Heth?" If the reply were no, then came the rejoinder, "What! not seen Joice Heth? I wonder at you. Every body goes to see old Joice."—"Do you believe she is so very old as they represent?"—"Oh, yes, I hav'nt the least doubt in the world of it. And then she's so very pious, you can't think!"

After plucking the pigeons well in this city, the proprietor of old Joice carried his exhibition eastward. Boston and some of the minor cities of New England were gratified with the sight; and to do justice to their taste, intelligence and gullibility, they swallowed the hoax with as much apparent relish as the good city of New York.

But it is not our business to follow old Joice and her spiritual father, manufacturer, and exhibitor through all their movements. Suffice it to say, they returned to New York, as

the great central station, strong hold, and most profitable scene of gullibility. Here they flourished again, with nearly as much vigor as before.

But, alas! for the instability of all human things! A negro, one hundred and sixty years old, could not live always. Death, who had so long held his hand, was now standing near and aiming his dart at poor old Joice. Quite needless, one would think, to bring any weapons with him to take away the small remains of her miserable life.

However, there death was; and the proprietor began to be mightily alarmed for the stability of his gains. Had she only lived a couple of summers more, he would have been willing to part with her. He implored her to live for his sake. He thought it was very unfair on her part—nay, it was “pesky” ungrateful—after all the pains he had taken in teaching her, polishing her, making her pious, and adding seventy years to her age—that she should desert him after this fashion. He moreover did his best, by careful nursing and

keeping her warm, to make her winter over ; in hopes that if she could only see the warm spring again, she would flourish for one more summer at least.

But it was not in the power of human means to preserve the wretched invalid. The last spark of life went out : and old Joice Heth, who had made so much noise for one little year, was nothing but a corpse.

Here, it might have been expected, the exhibition would end. But, with an economy deserving the highest admiration, the proprietor resolved, that, though dead, silent, and cold, Joice should yet figure to some purpose. The doctors were called in, and a public dissection took place, to which the people—the still unsatisfied people—were admitted in crowds, by paying a fee. And here ended the profits and the hoax together.

An account was published, in the papers of the appearances, of the body of old Joice on dissection ; by which appearances it was inferred that she was not above half as old as she had been represented : a conclusion to



which the public—at least a part of it—had arrived, sometime before her death. And as the number of doubters was every day increasing, it is probable the poor old creature did not die any too soon, for her own quiet, or the peace, the interest, and the security of her exhibitor : for though the people are wonderfully fond of being gulled, they are apt to be greatly enraged, if they find out the deception ; and will sometimes proceed to take summary vengeance on their deceivers.

It now remains for us to say something of the other great hoax, for which the summer of '35 was remarkable. Perhaps we ought to beg pardon of the ingenious author of the "Moon Story," for placing it in the same chapter with the above villanous deception. There is no resemblance between them, except in name—the one as well as the other—the innocent fiction of the discoveries in the moon, as well the pickpocket deception of the withered old negress, having been characterized as a hoax.

The account of the great lunar discoveries,

written by Richard Adams Locke—now editor of the *New Era*—first appeared in the *Sun*. It purported to be taken from an English periodical, to which it had been communicated by a friend of Sir John F. W. Herschell, the great astronomer, by whom the discoveries were represented to have been made, at the Cape of Good Hope. And herein consisted the hoax. Without the use of a veritable name, and that of a man well known as a distinguished astronomer, the deception could not have succeeded to any remarkable extent; and those, who at first believed the account, could not justly say, on finding out their mistake, that they had been hoaxed.

The diameter of Sir John's telescope appeared to the reader surprisingly large. But then they recollected how great was the size of the telescope of Dr. William Herschell, even in the last century. They remembered how George III., a stout man, was said to have travelled through that instrument, from one end to the other. They bore in mind the

wonderful changes and improvements, since the last century. If a very great king—it was naturally argued—could walk, with very little stooping, through the telescope of Dr. William Herschell, in the 18th century : it was not at all surprising that the telescope of Sir John Herschell, in the nineteenth, should be of sufficient diameter for six tall men to stand up in it, erect, upon one another's heads.

Another thing, which also appeared quite surprising, was the minuteness with which the animals, the plants, and even the quality of the minerals, was described. But when they recollected the wonderful magnitude and power of Sir John's telescope, all difficulties in regard to minuteness of discovery vanished.

The most startling thing of the whole was the winged people. Nothing like them had been seen on the earth. But that, they argued, was no rule for the moon. Mankind might as well be provided with wings *up there*, as birds, and bats. and insects, with wings

*down here.* The moon, said they, was a separate government—independent in its modes of life and its fashions of things—and was no more obliged to resemble this ball of earth, in the make of its inhabitants, than this ball of earth was to resemble the moon in the same point.

The winged people, therefore, being swallowed, there remained no obstacle to the belief of the entire discoveries. The credulity was general. All New York rang with the wonderful discoveries of Sir John Herschell. Every body read the Sun, and every body commented on its surprising contents. There were, indeed, a few sceptics ; but to venture to express a doubt of the genuineness of the great lunar discoveries, was considered almost as heinous a sin as to question the truth of revelation.

Nor was it only among the populace in general, that the moon story was believed. Certain of the sixpenny editors also gave into it, and copied the account, with flaming no-

tices of the very wonderful and important discoveries of Sir John Herschell, at the Cape of Good Hope. The papers in this city, which were thus caught, were the Daily Advertiser and the Mercantile Advertiser. The Daily Advertiser of Newark, and the Daily Gazette of Albany, were also among the ready believers of the great discoveries. How many papers, in other places, swallowed the hoax, we do not know. Most of the editors, we believe, prudently kept their minds suspended as to the truth or falsehood of the account ; though most of them copied it, as a capital story, whether it should turn out true or false.

The sensation, among the people of New York, during the publication of the great lunar discoveries—which occupied something like a week—was wonderful. They not only bought the papers, read them, and treasured up their contents, but they likewise readily paid twenty-five cents for a wood-cut, representing the winged people, and other striking objects in the moon.

This hoax, as we have said, could hardly have succeeded to any extent, had it not been backed with the name of Sir John Herschell, accompanied with the known circumstance of his location at the Cape of Good Hope. But it must be confessed that the story is managed with remarkable skill ; and told with a gravity of countenance and a versimilitude, worthy of Dean Swift himself.

Many persons upon discovering that they had been deceived, were outrageously angry with the author and the publisher of the story. Such a villanous hoax, they said, ought to be severely punished ; the Sun office ought to be mobbed ; the moon story burnt by the common hangman ; and the wicked deceivers suspended on the gibbet of everlasting indignation. But men of more sense and taste enjoyed the story with great relish ; and considered it the very best romance they had read for many a year. Some persons, however, continued a long time to believe in the truth of the discoveries ; and even to this day have not, so far as we know, entirely abandoned their faith.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### HACKS AND OMNIBUSES.

Take this at least, this last advice, my son :

Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on.

TRANSLATION OF OVID.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels.—COWPER.

Who it was, that first invented wheel carriages, we do not recollect ever having read ; or if we have, we have forgotten. Phœbus, we learn, in very early times was a famous whip. He drove the chariot of the sun, and we suppose is driving it still. His son Phaeton, emulous of his father's glory, insisted upon trying his hand at the reins. He pretended, indeed, to doubt, whether he was his father's own son ; and would not be convinced unless Phœbus, as a proof of his fatherly affection, would promise to grant him whatever he should ask. Phœbus made the pro-

mise, and, to render it more binding, swore by Styx—a terrible oath, which the gods themselves dare not violate. But as soon as his son informed him of the nature of his request, Phœbus repented of his rash promise. He tried to persuade him to ask something less dangerous than driving his horses. He told him that even Jove himself could'nt manage such a team. But the youth persisted; and the unhappy father, by reason of his oath, was obliged to comply.

He undertook, in the best manner he could, to instruct his son in the proper management of his team. He pointed out to him the proper road. It was on that occasion, if we may believe master Ovid, that he made that prudent, non-committal speech, so often quoted :

*medio tutissimus ibis ;*

Which, with the context, is thus translated by Addison :

The horses hoofs a beaten track will show :

But neither mount too high, nor sink too low.

That no new fires or heaven or earth infest,  
Keep the mid way : the middle way is best.

Thus instructed, the youth mounted the chariot, seized the reins, and dashed away. At first he thought it fine sport to drive his father's horses. But in a little time he had occasion to repent of his undertaking. It was not so easy an affair as he had supposed. He soon began to get into difficulty. He forgot his parent's instructions, and drove any where but in the "middle way." Now he went too high ; then again too low. By the first mistake he played the mischief with the stars : by the second he set fire to the earth : by which, among other direful effects, he burnt all the people of Africa black ; which color they have retained ever since.

Jupiter, seeing the earth all in a blaze, seized a thunderbolt, and hurling it at the unfortunate Phaeton, struck him from his chariot, and laid him dead on the spot : a solemn warning to all ambitious young men, to beware of perilous enterprises ; and above all not to under-

take to drive a spirited team of horses, until they have first learned how.

Jehu the son of Nimshi, who made himself king of Israel, was a famous coachman. At least he drove furiously, and, so far as we know, without upsetting. Achilles, the Grecian hero, was also a remarkable whip ; of which he gave a most unworthy proof, when he dragged at his chariot, the body of poor Hector, in sight of his own father and mother :

Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,  
And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.

He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;  
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

Other great men, who have succeeded wonderfully in leading, driving, and governing men, have felt a strong desire to try their hand at managing a team of horses. Such was the ambition of Oliver Cromwell ; and such that of Napoleon. Each, as their biographers inform us, undertook to drive, four in hand ; and each, upsetting his carriage and being thrown from the box, came very near losing his life. Which proves, that managing

horses, and managing men, are two things ; and that a very skilful general may make a very awkward coachman.

How ill soever some of these have succeeded, that must surely be an honorable employment, in which generals, kings, and gods have delighted to try their hands. Ladies have also been emulous—and some of them are still emulous—of the glorious deeds of your renowned whips. They are fond of lifting the lash, of shaking the reins, and of managing their own steeds. And it must be confessed, they have succeeded quite as well as either Cromwell or Napoleon.

The use of hackney coaches is comparatively, of recent date. So late as the time of Dr. Johnson, who died in 1784, there were in London as he somewhere states, not above ten of these carriages. Now, according to a recent work, it appears that there are about 600.

The first hack, started in New York, as we are informed, was in the year 1792, by Ga-

briel W. Alston. Whereabouts he kept his stand, or how many coaches he had, we do not know.

The number of hackney coaches in New York, at the present time, is upwards of 200 : a number twice as great, in proportion to the population, as that of London. These coaches are taxed \$5 each for their yearly license, besides a dollar for the coachman. The prices for carrying passengers, as fixed by law, are : for any distance, not exceeding a mile,  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents ; and for each additional passenger 25 cents. For any distance over one mile, and not exceeding two the fare is 50 cents; and for each additional passenger 25 cents. For children between two and fourteen years of age, the price is 50 per cent less. For a carriage to Harlem, and back, with the privilege of remaining three hours, the price is \$4 ; to King's Bridge, remaining all day, \$5. The price per day for a hack, driven in any direction, is \$5. In each of these last cases, the fare is the same, whether there be a single passenger, or whether the coach be full. For



attending a funeral within the lamp and watch district, the price is \$2 ; to Potter's Field, \$3.

The above include the principal rates of fare, as fixed by law ; though there are some others for different distances, not here named ; but which the reader may find, with other useful information in the Stranger's City Guide, published by Disturnell, price three shillings.

It is common enough to say of such and such a person, " he is an honest man, *well looked after*." So it may be said, in general, of the hackney coachmen, they are honest fellows, as the world goes ; but they require close—very close—looking after. Not that they will pick your pocket, or steal your baggage. They will only charge you twice or thrice as much fare as the law allows. For carrying you a mile, price three shillings, they will only charge you a dollar ; and possibly, in a clear, dull day, content themselves with seventy five cents. And so on, for greater distances.

If you undertake to make a bargain with them, they are almost sure to ask you more

than the legal price; taking it for granted, of course, that you are ignorant of the rates. The better way, if you want a carriage, is to jump into the best looking one—attached to the best horses—with the soberest driver you can conveniently find. Bid him drive wherever you wish to go; and, when you alight, say nothing about the fare, but merely offer him what the law allows. If he will not take it, concern yourself no further about him. But if it is not convenient for you to tender him the precise fee, and he gives you the wrong change, take the number of his carriage and go at once to the Police Office, where justice will be speedily done you.

The penalty for a hackney coachman demanding more than the legal rates, is the forfeiture of his whole fare, and a fine of \$10. The fine is the same for refusing—when he is not otherwise engaged—to carry a passenger any where on the island of New York—the legal fee being tendered.

Every passenger is entitled to have carried with him, free of expense, one trunk, valise,

carpet-bag, portmanteau, box, basket, or bundle; but, for every additional article of the like kind, he must pay sixpence, if not exceeding a mile; and a shilling, if over that distance.

Rainy days are the harvest times for the hackmen. They eye the clouds with as much anxiety as so many ducks; and rejoice, like them, in a long and copious shower. Nothing is so dull—nothing so discouraging to them—as a melancholy time of fair weather. No class of persons in this city—not even those who are paid for it in the pulpit—it is believed, pray so often and so devoutly for rain as the hackney coachmen.\*

It is remarked by English journalists, that

\* We ought perhaps to except the Umbrella makers; whose gains are still more dependent on falling weather, than those of the hackmen. We copy, from a city newspaper, the following:

#### UMBRELLA MAKERS' PRAYER.

O thou, who mak'st all trades thy care,  
And guard'st them every hour,  
Come, listen to our humble prayer,  
And grant the frequent shower.

our hacks and horses are much superior to those in London. The coaches are well enough; and, indeed, for the most part handsome, and in excellent repair. The horses are also, in general, very fair, for hacks. They are much improved within a few years. They are handsomer, more spirited, and better fed. Not longer ago than 1830, it used to be waggishly said of the hack horses, that they were “fed on flour barrels, and the

We ask no golden streams to cast

· Their riches on our shore;

Mere drops of water—falling fast—

Are all that we implore.

Oft as the gloomy shades of night

O’erspread our closing eyes,

We pray, that with the dawning light,

*Far other shades may rise.*

Our moderate wishes would not grow

To crave one blessing more,

Than we may ask or thou bestow

From thy unfailing store.

We would not of our lot complain,

Nor discontent betray;

We only beg thee, *let it rain*

*But every other day.*

hoops showed through the skin." At present they are not, by many degrees, so ostentatiously ribbed.

From hacks we must ascend to omnibuses. We say ascend, because, although fewer steps are required to get into them, they are nevertheless, for the most part, superior in magnitude and in the number of steeds, to the hackney coaches. This kind of vehicle first got the name of *omnibus* in London, and that not much more than a dozen years since. It is a Latin word, signifying *to all* or *with all* : and was doubtless given to one of these lumbering coaches, because they are open to all, carry all, and are crowded withal.

The first New York stage we hear any account of, was started in the year 1732, to run between this city and Boston. It left each of these places only once a month, and took *fourteen days* to perform the journey. Such was the rapidity of travelling a hundred and five years ago !

The first stage, that ran merely on the island, was started, in the year 1798, by Bar-

nard de Klyne. He ran from Wall street to Greenwich—or “the village”—which was then separate from the settlements on the south part of the island.

Klyne, so far as we can learn, had but a single carriage, which, in beauty and lightness, very much resembled the stages, or mail wag-gons, which now run from this city to Long Island. He ran at no particular hour, or hours ; but started whenever he could get passengers.

To Klyne, previous to the year 1826, succeeded a large number of other owners. From these frequent changes, we conclude the concern was not so profitable as could be desired. In the latter year succeeded Asa Hall, who made an improvement in his carriages, by changing the entrance, from the front or side, to the back part.

Stages were next started in Broadway; the owners of which made improvements over the Greenwich lines, in the size and beauty of their carriages, and in the number of horses. It was not until about the year '30, or '31,



that four horses began to be attached to the city stages.

These conveniences now run to the Bowery, to the Dry Dock, and to several other parts of the city. There are, in all the lines that run to and from Wall street, upwards of 120 carriages. Besides these, several run from the Bowery to Yorkville, to Harlem, &c. The number of omnibuses in London, is about 400 ; which is a less number than ours in proportion to the population, by about 50 per cent. But then there are, in London, about 1200 cabriolets—or cabs, as they are usually called—to which we have nothing answering on this side the Atlantic.

The four-horse stages pay a licence of \$20 ; the two-horse, \$10. The fare generally throughout the city is  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents. To Yorkville it is  $18\frac{3}{4}$  cents ; to Harlem and to Manhattanville, 25 cents. A deduction of one third is made from these prices, where a dozen, or even half a dozen tickets are purchased at once. The number of persons, who take the benefit of the omnibuses, is believed to aver-

age not less than 25,000 per day, Sundays excepted, when the horses are allowed to rest.

As these carriages run on certain fixed routes, there is never any occasion for dispute about the price. You give the attendant lad, or the driver, your shilling or your ticket, "and there an end." These stages are of very great convenience—nay, almost of necessity. Accustomed, as people are, to jump into an omnibus whenever they have half a mile, or more, of locomotion to perform, and wish to do it speedily, they would hardly know how to get along, without them. They are particularly convenient for merchants and others doing business in the lower part of the city, and living in the upper part. After staying till three o'clock to settle their money affairs in Wall street, they would be late to dinner, were they obliged to foot it a mile or two; and most of them would not like to pay from three to four shillings for coach hire.

The dining hour being from twelve to three, it is between those two periods that the stages—the homeward bound ones—are most apt

to be crowded. Indeed, during the whole space of those three important hours, it is exceedingly difficult to get a seat. You may sometimes stand at the corner of a street, beckoning to all the stages that pass for half an hour, and not one of them has a seat to give you. The best way, on such occasions, is to march leisurely, but steadily on; and you will probably arrive at your journey's end much sooner than you can get a stage to carry you there, and save your shilling into the bargain.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

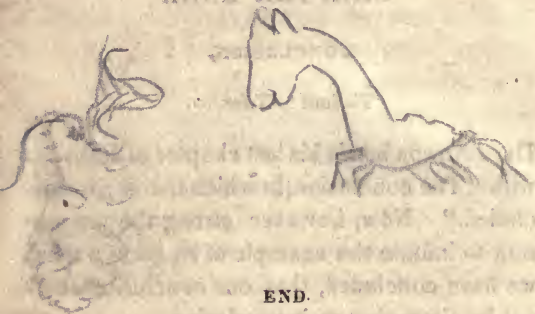
### CONCLUSION.

'Tis done !—THOMSON.

DR. Johnson heads his last chapter of *Rasselas* with "The conclusion, in which nothing is concluded." Now, however strong the temptation to imitate the example of so great a man, we have concluded, that our conclusion shall not be altogether so inconclusive.

The conclusion, naturally to be drawn from the foregoing pages, is, that New York is a very great city ; a very populous city ; a very expensive city ; a very scarce-of-hotels city ; a remarkably religious city ; a sadly overrun-with-law-and-physic city ; a surprisingly newspaperial city ; a rather queerly governed city ; an uncommon badly watered city ; a very considerable of a rum city ; a very full-of-fires city ; a pretty tolerably well-hoaxed city :

and, moreover, a city moderately abounding in foul streets, rogues, dandies, mobs, and several other things, concerning which it is not necessary to come to any specific conclusion.



END.







M. E. H.  
DUPL.

